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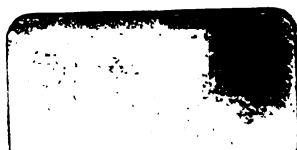
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William SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

W. J. Rolfe
WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M.,

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.



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PREFACE.

The Taming of the Shrew seems to me an excellent play for school or college reading—at least where half a dozen or more plays are read—from the fact that it is not wholly Shakespeare's, and that we have the earlier play from which he took the main incidents of his plot, as well as some minor details of the action and occasionally the very phraseology. In the *Notes* I have quoted more of this old play than any other editor has given (except Halliwell, who reprints the whole of it in his great folio edition), in order that the reader may see just how Shakespeare has made use of it. The comic parts of it have considerable merit, but the serious or sentimental portions are generally poor, sometimes very poor. Shakespeare helped himself freely to the former where they suited his purpose, but the latter he used scarcely at all. For instance, in iv. 3 and iv. 5 he followed the old play quite closely, as the extracts on pages 159, 161, and 166 will show; and so, too, in the final scene until we come to Kate's long speech (136-179), where he gives us something all his own and in keeping with the character, instead of the pedantic homily (see page 171) on the creation of the world and of man, with which the earlier Kate is absurdly made to address her sisters. This is but one illustration out of many that might be cited to show how Shakespeare has bettered the characterization of the old play, not only by making the personages consistent with themselves, but also by lifting them to a higher plane of humanity. Kate, "curst" though she be, is not the vulgar vixen the earlier playwright made her; and Petruchio, if "not a gentleman," judged by the standard of our day (see p. 27 below), is much nearer being one than his prototype Ferando. The two Kates are tamed by the very same methods, but in the case of the first we miss all the subtle touches that show the result to be a genuine "moral reform" (compare the quotation from Clarke, p. 161 below), and make us feel

that the Shrew has learned to love her conqueror as well as to respect him—"taming her wild *heart* to his *loving* hand," as Beatrice expresses it.

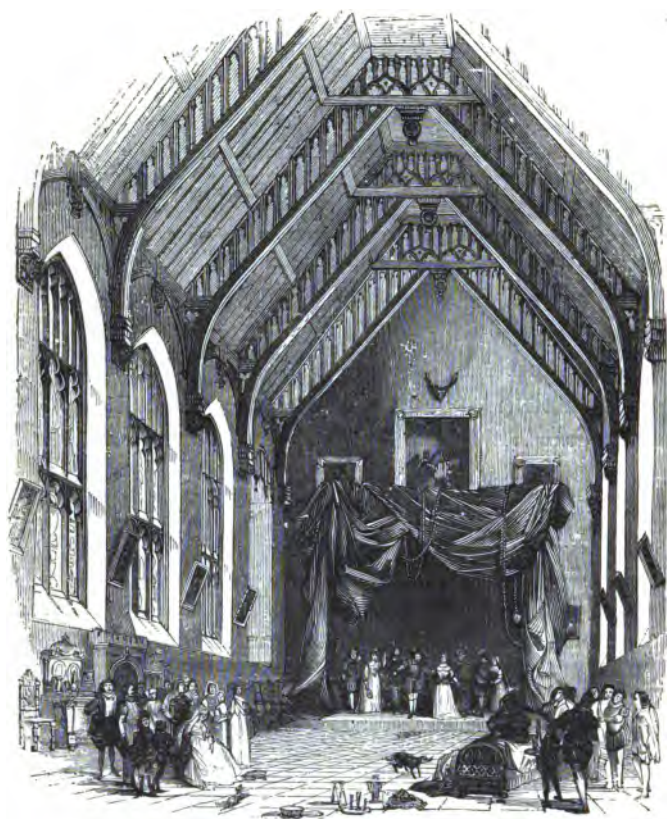
The extracts from *The Taming of a Shrew* are copied verbatim from the reprint published by the Shakespeare Society in 1844. I have preferred not to modernize the spelling and pointing, as most of the editors have done, because the original is an interesting specimen of the printing of the time. The proof-reader, like Quince in his prologue, does not "stand upon points," and consequently the text is often "like a tangled chain, nothing impaired, but all disordered." The reader will no doubt find some amusement in disentangling it.

The illustrations on pages 8, 9, 41, 56, 71, 72, 84, 107, and 108 are from Knight's "Pictorial Shakspeare." The views of the town-house and the church of St. Giustina (completed in 1549, and still standing) at Padua are copied by Knight from the "Storia Dimostrazione della Città di Padova," 1767. That of Pisa is from a print by Franciscus of Milan, 1705, but the famous *quattro fabbriche* look just as they do to-day. The Prato della Valle (now known as the Piazza di Vittorio Emmanuele) is from Piranesi, 1786; and the Gymnasium from an old print in the King's Library, British Museum.

Cambridge, Dec. 15, 1880.

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ITINERANT PLAYERS IN A COUNTRY HALL.

IN PROSE
TO
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

IN THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The Taming of the Shrew was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1633, where it occupies pages 228-254 in the division of "Comedies." A quarto edition appeared in 1631 with the following title-page, which is somewhat



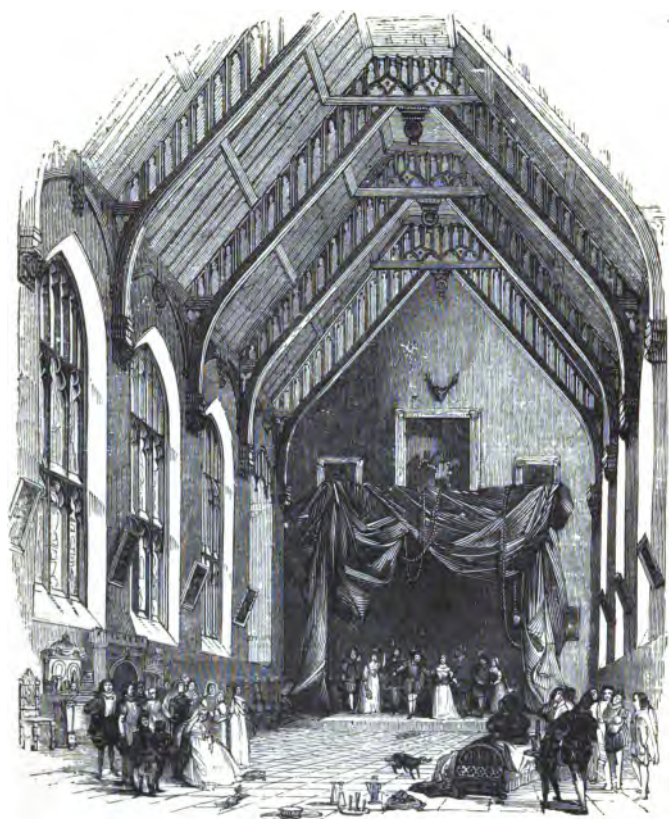


WINCOT.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The Taming of the Shrew was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 208-229 in the division of "Comedies." A quarto edition appeared in 1631 with the following title-page, which we transcribe



ITINERANT PLAYERS IN A COUNTRY HALL.

used at least ten bits of Marlowe in it, first recast the old play, and then Shakspeare put into the recast the scenes in which Katherina, Petruchio, and Grumio appear." Dowden remarks: "In *The Taming of the Shrew* we may distinguish three parts: (1) the humorous Induction, in which Sly, the drunken tinker, is the chief person; (2) a comedy of character, the Shrew and her tamer Petruchio being the hero and heroine; (3) a comedy of intrigue—the story of Bianca and her rival lovers. Now the old play of '*A Shrew*' contains, in a rude form, the scenes of the Induction, and the chief scenes in which Petruchio and Katherina (named by the original writer Ferando and Kate) appear; but nothing in this old play corresponds with the intrigues of Bianca's disguised lovers. It is, however, in the scenes connected with these intrigues that Shakspeare's hand is least apparent. It may be said that Shakspeare's genius goes in and out with the person of Katherina. We would therefore conjecturally assign the intrigue-comedy—which is founded upon Gascoigne's *Supposes*, a translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*—to the adapter of the old play, reserving for Shakspeare a title to those scenes—in the main enlarged from the play of '*A Shrew*'—in which Katherina, Petruchio, and Grumio are speakers."*

* Compare what White says in his Introduction to the play: "A play in Shakespeare's day was as often written by two, or three, or four persons as by one: each theatre had several poets and playwrights in its pay, if not in its company, ready to write or rewrite, as the spirit moved or occasion required; and Shakespeare's own company was of course not an exception to the general rule. Our *Taming of the Shrew* is an example of the result of this system. In it three hands at least are traceable: that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a colabourer. The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor scenes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love business between Bianca and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humour, and the rich verbal colouring of the recast Induction, and all the scenes in which Katherina and

As to the date of the play the critics differ widely. Drake, Knight, and Delius put it in 1594, Malone (after first making it 1606) in 1596,* Chalmers 1598, Collier (whom White is disposed to follow) 1601-3, Fleay 1601-2, Furnivall 1596-7, and Dowden "about 1597." The internal evidence seems to us to favour a date not earlier than 1597, and possibly a year or two later. The play is not mentioned by Meres in 1598.†

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

These appear to be limited to the old play and Gascoigne's *Supposes*, already mentioned. The latter was "englished" from Ariosto in 1566. Holt White compares the story of the Induction with a part of Sir Richard Barckley's *Discourse on the Felicitie of Mun*, 1598; Malone with a tale in Goulart's *Trésor d'Histoires*, etc. (translated by E. Grimstone, 1607, but some of the tales may have appeared in English much earlier); and Steevens, with a story quoted from Marco Paolo

Petruchio and Grumio are the prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play."

This last point seems to us an important one; and it explains, we think, the difficulty that some of the critics have had in deciding just how much Shakespeare had to do with certain parts of the play. He *re-wrote* considerable portions of it and *retouched* the rest. This will be considered more in detail in the *Notes*.

* See the Var. of 1821, vol. ii. p. 340. White inadvertently transposes the dates: "Malone decided at first for 1596, afterward for 1606."

† See our ed. of *M. N. D.* p. 9. Craik, in his *English of Shakespeare* (see our ed. p. 9), and Hertzberg would make *The Taming of the Shrew* Meres's *Love Labours Wonne*; but, as Stokes remarks (*Chron. Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, p. 37), "their theory need not be accepted when we find that Craik's chief argument is drawn from one of Mr. Collier's MS. corrections, and that the German professor's reasons have been answered by his countryman, Dr. Karl Elze." Delius, who dates the play in 1594, says that Meres does not mention it because Shakespeare was only part-author of it. See also the *Transactions of the New Shaks. Soc.* for 1874, p. 123.

by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621. T. Warton says that it is to be found in a collection of short comic stories, printed in black letter in 1570, "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Maiesties revels ;" and that it is like "an incident which Heuterus relates from an epistle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440." Percy, in his *Reliques*, gives an old ballad on the same subject, *The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, the date of which is not known. Knight remarks that the story is in all probability of Eastern origin, being found in the *Thousand and One Nights* ; and Mr. Lane conjectures that it is founded on fact.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Hazlitt's "*Characters of Shakespear's Plays*."*]

The Taming of the Shrew is almost the only one of Shakespear's comedies that has a regular plot and downright moral. It is full of bustle, animation, and rapidity of action. It shows admirably how self-will is only to be got the better of by stronger will, and how one degree of ridiculous perversity is only to be driven out by another still greater. Petruchio is a madman in his senses ; a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. He acts his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end. The situation of poor Katherine, worn out by his incessant persecutions, becomes at last almost as pitiable as it is ludicrous, and it is difficult to say which to admire most, the unaccountableness of his actions or the unalterableness of his resolutions. It is a character which most husbands

* *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 219. fol.

ought to study, unless the very audacity of Petruchio's attempt might alarm them more than his success would encourage them. . . .

The most striking and at the same time laughable feature in the character of Petruchio throughout is the studied approximation to the untractable character of real madness, his apparent insensibility to all external conditions, and utter indifference to every thing but the wild and extravagant freaks of his own self-will. There is no contending with a person on whom nothing makes an impression but his own purposes, and who is bent on his own whims just in proportion as they seem to want common-sense. With him a thing's being plain and reasonable is a reason against it. The airs he gives himself are infinite, and his caprices as sudden as they are groundless. The whole of his treatment of his wife at home is in the same spirit of ironical attention and inverted gallantry. Every thing flies before his will, like a conjurer's wand, and he only metamorphoses his wife's temper by metamorphosing her senses and all the objects she sees, at a word's speaking. Such are his insisting that it is the moon and not the sun which they see, etc. This extravagance reaches its most pleasant and poetical height in the scene (iv. 5) where, on their return to her father's, they meet old Vincentio, whom Petruchio immediately addresses as a young lady. . . .

The whole is carried off with equal spirit, as if the poet's comic muse had wings of fire. It is strange how one man could be so many things; but so it is. The concluding scene, in which trial is made of the new-married wives (so triumphantly for Petruchio) is a very happy one.

In some parts of this play there is a little too much about music-masters and masters of philosophy. They were things of greater rarity in those days than they are now. Nothing however can be better than the advice which Tranio gives his master for the prosecution of his studies :

"The mathematics and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

The Taming of the Shrew is a play within a play. It is supposed to be a play acted for the benefit of Sly the tinker, who is made to believe himself a lord when he wakes after a drunken brawl. The character of Sly and the remarks with which he accompanies the play are as good as the play itself. His answer when he is asked how he likes it—"In-different well; 't is a good piece of work, would 't were done!"—is in good keeping, as if he were thinking of his Saturday night's job. Sly does not change his tastes with his new situation, but in the midst of splendour and luxury still calls out lustily and repeatedly for "a pot o' small ale." He is very slow in giving up his personal identity in his sudden advancement:

"I am Christophero Sly; call me not honour nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. . . . What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christophero Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a peddler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom."

This is honest. "The Slys are no rogues," as he says of himself. We have a great predilection for this member of the family; and what makes us like him the better is that we take him to be of kin (not many degrees removed) to Sancho Panza.

[From Schlegel's "*Dramatic Literature*."*]

The Taming of the Shrew has the air of an Italian comedy; and indeed the love intrigue, which constitutes the main part

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 381 fol.

of it, is derived mediately or immediately from a piece of Ariosto. The characters and passions are lightly sketched; the intrigue is introduced without much preparation, and in its rapid progress impeded by no sort of difficulties; while, in the manner in which Petruchio, though previously cautioned as to Katherine, still encounters the risks in marrying her, and contrives to tame her—in all this the character and peculiar humour of the English are distinctly visible. The colours are laid on somewhat coarsely, but the ground is good. That the obstinacy of a young and untamed girl, possessed of none of the attractions of her sex, and neither supported by bodily nor mental strength, must soon yield to the still rougher and more capricious but assumed self-will of a man: such a lesson can only be taught on the stage with all the perspicuity of a proverb.

The prelude is still more remarkable than the play itself: a drunken tinker, removed in his sleep to a palace, where he is deceived into the belief of being a nobleman. The invention, however, is not Shakspeare's. Holberg has handled the same subject in a masterly manner, and with inimitable truth; but he has spun it out to five acts, for which such material is hardly sufficient. He probably did not borrow from the English dramatist, but like him took the hint from a popular story. There are several comic motives of this description, which go back to a very remote age, without ever becoming antiquated. Here, as well as everywhere else, Shakspeare has proved himself a great poet: the whole is merely a slight sketch, but in elegance and delicate propriety it will hardly ever be excelled. Neither has he overlooked the irony which the subject naturally suggested: the great lord, who is driven by idleness and ennui to deceive a poor drunkard, can make no better use of his situation than the latter, who every moment relapses into his vulgar habits. The last half of this prelude, that in which the tinker, in his new state, again drinks himself out of his senses, and is

transformed in his sleep into his former condition, is, from some accident or other, lost. It ought to have followed at the end of the larger piece. The occasional remarks of the tinker, during the course of the representation of the comedy, might have been improvisatory ; but it is hardly credible that Shakspeare should have trusted to the momentary suggestions of the players, whom he did not hold in high estimation, the conclusion, however short, of a work which he had so carefully commenced. Moreover, the only circumstance which connects the play with the prelude is, that it belongs to the new life of the supposed nobleman to have plays acted in his castle by strolling actors. This invention of introducing spectators on the stage, who contribute to the entertainment, has been very wittily used by later English poets.

[From Verplanck's "*Shakspeare*."*]

In preparing *The Taming of the Shrew*, as we now have it, for the stage, Shakspeare seems to have originally intended nothing more than a revisal or improvement of a play of considerable but very unequal merit, very popular at the time, under the title of "*The Taming of a Shrew*," which he found in possession of the stage, and which was printed in 1594. In retaining the well-known old title, with the whole plot, and all those striking incidents of the action which *tell* most upon the stage, and become most familiar to the public, it was evident that he made no claim to originality, and had no thought of concealing the source of his obligations. But it is as evident that, in the progress of his revision, his busy invention and poetic fancy could not rest contented with the mere corrections and alterations of an editor or a manager ; so that he was led to recast and reconstruct the whole story, to change the scene of action from Greece to the Italy of his own times, and to interweave with its incidents some cir-

* *The Illustrated Shakspeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. ii. pp. 5, 49, and 50 of *T. of S.*

cumstances from a play of Ariosto's, of a similar plot (the *Suppositi*), some time before translated and published (in 1566) under the title of *The Supposes*. In doing this, he could not refrain from improving and heightening the humour and interest, by filling the stage with gay and rapid action, and giving more individuality to the characters, such as transforming a commonplace serving-man into Grumio—a worthy kinsman of Launcelot Gobbo, Speed, Launce, and the Dromios, yet in no danger of being mistaken for any one of them; and elevating the wife-taming hero (Ferando) of the old play, who is but a coarse and noisy tyrant, into the whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio, so well described by Hazlitt as “acting an assumed character to the life with the most fantastical extravagance, with untiring animal spirits, but without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end.”

Finally, he has stamped upon the comedy throughout, and especially in the Induction, the indelible and unquestionable marks of his own mind, by deliberately rejecting many passages of elaborate and even splendid imagery, such as no poet of that age would have been ashamed of, to substitute other passages, and even scenes, of a higher and purer poetry and sweeter melody. These (take, for example, the poetic passages of the second scene with Sly) are, in my judgment, very much in the taste, spirit, and style of the poetry of the *Merchant of Venice*, and fix the reconstruction and decoration of the old play somewhere about the same date (between 1597 and 1601), after the author had thrown off the peculiar defects of his earlier compositions, and before his style had acquired its later compressed and thought-burdened character, or his mind that habitual tendency to gloomier reflections which casts its shades athwart the most brilliant and glowing conceptions of the middle period of his literary life. . . .

Mr. C. A. Brown's remarks on this play, as a comedy bear-

ing the "peculiar feature and stamp" of Italy, are very curious, and show that if Shakespeare did not actually visit Italy (according to Mr. Brown's supposition) some time between the composition of the earlier *Romeo and Juliet* and the date of the *Merchant of Venice*, and the remodelling of this play, he had certainly, in that interval, become very familiar with the scenery, manners, customs, and cities of Italy through some other source. They serve also to strengthen the conclusion to which the internal evidence of style had led my mind, as to the date of this piece; that it was not one of his very early works (in which no such familiarity with Italy is manifest), but belongs to the period of the *Merchant of Venice*:

"This comedy was entirely rewritten from an older one by an unknown hand, with some, but not many, additions to the fable. It should first be observed that in the older comedy, which we possess, the scene is laid in and near Athens, and that Shakespeare removed it to Padua and its neighbourhood; an unnecessary change, if he knew no more of one country than of the other.

"The *dramatis personæ* next attract our attention. Baptista is no longer erroneously the name of a woman, as in *Hamlet*, but of a man. All the other names, except one, are pure Italian, though most of them are adapted to the English ear. Biondello, the name of a boy, seems chosen with a knowledge of the language, as it signifies a little fair-haired fellow. Even the shrew has the Italian termination to her name, Katherina. The exception is Curtis, Petruchio's servant, seemingly the housekeeper at his villa; which, as it is an insignificant part, may have been the name of the player; but, more probably, it is a corruption of Cortese.

"'Act I. Scene I. *A Public Place.*' For an open place or a square in a city, this is not a home-bred expression. It may be accidental; yet it is a literal translation of *una piazza pubblica*, exactly what was meant for the scene.

"The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the University of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian :

'Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
* * * * *
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.'

"The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa:

'Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.'

They are altogether a grave people, in their demeanour, their history, and their literature, such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act.

"Lucentio says, his father came 'of the Bentivolii;' this is an old Italian plural; a mere Englishman would write 'of the Bentivolios.' Besides, there was, and is, a branch of the Bentivolii in Florence, where Lucentio says he was brought up.

"But these indications, just at the commencement of the play, are not of great force. We now come to something more important; a remarkable proof of his having been aware of the law of the country in respect to the betrothment of Katherina and Petruchio, of which there is not a vestige in the older play. The father gives her hand to him, both parties consenting, before two witnesses, who declare themselves such, to the act. Such a ceremony is as indissoluble as that of marriage, unless both parties should consent to annul it. The betrothment takes place in due form, exactly as in many of Goldoni's comedies:

'Bap. . . . Give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.
'Gre. and Tra. Amen! say we; we will be witnesses.'

Instantly Petruchio addresses them as 'father and wife,' because from that moment he possesses the legal power of a husband over her, saving that of taking her to his own house. Unless the betrothment is understood in this light, we cannot account for the father's so tamely yielding afterwards to Petruchio's whim of going in his 'mad attire' with her to the church. Authority is no longer with the father; in vain he hopes and requests that the bridegroom will change his clothes; Petruchio is peremptory in his lordly will and pleasure, which he could not possibly be without the previous Italian betrothment.

"Padua lies between Verona and Venice, at a suitable distance from both for the conduct of the comedy. Petruchio, after being securely betrothed, sets off for Venice, the very place for finery, to buy 'rings and things, and fine array' for the wedding; and, when married, he takes her to his country-house, in the direction of Verona, of which city he is a native. All this is complete, and in marked opposition to the worse than mistakes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was written when he knew nothing whatever of the country.

"The rich old Gremio, when questioned respecting the dower he can assure to Bianca, boasts, as a primary consideration, of his richly furnished house:

'First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping.'

"Lady Morgan, in her *Italy*, says (and my own obser-

vation corroborates her account), 'There is not an article here described that I have not found in some one or other of the palaces of Florence, Venice, and Genoa—the mercantile republics of Italy—even to the "Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl."' She then adds, 'This is the knowledge of genius, acquired by the rapid perception and intuitive appreciation,' etc.; never once suspecting that Shakespeare had been an eye-witness of such furniture. For my part (unable to comprehend the intuitive knowledge of genius), in opposition to her ladyship's opinion, I beg leave to quote Dr. Johnson: 'Shakespeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned.' With this text as our guide, it behooves us to point out how he could obtain such an intimate knowledge of facts without having been, like Lady Morgan, an eye-witness to them.

"In addition to these instances, the whole comedy bears an Italian character, and seems written as if the author had said to his friends: 'Now I will give you a comedy, built on Italian manners, neat as I myself have imported.' Indeed, did I not know its archetype, with the scene in Athens, I might suspect it to be an adaptation of some unknown Italian play, retaining rather too many local allusions for the English stage.

"Some may argue that it was possible for him to learn all this from books of travels now lost, or in conversation with travellers; but my faith recoils from so bare a possibility, when the belief that he saw what he described is, in every point of view, without difficulty, and probable. Books and conversation may do much for an author; but should he descend to particular descriptions, or venture to speak of manners and customs intimately, is it possible he should not once fall into error with no better instruction? An objection has been made, imputing an error, in Grumio's inquiring after the 'rushes strewed.' But the custom of strewing rushes, as in England, belonged also to Italy: this may

be seen in old authors; and their very word *giuncare*, now out of use, is a proof of it. English Christian-names, incidentally introduced, are but translations of the same Italian names, as Caterina is called Katherine and Kate; and, if they were not, comedy may well be allowed to take a liberty of that nature."

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.**]

We change from Portia, the graceful, wise, and witty, perfect woman, we change from the tender friendship of men, to Kate the curst, who is hell; to Petruchio's coarse, rough ways. At first there seems hardly a link between the two plays; yet there's a self-surrender of a woman in each; but how different its cause! There's the adventurer's spirit in both Bassanio and Petruchio, though with the contrast of the feeling, hardly to be called friendship, of Hortensio to Petruchio, with the devoted love of Antonio to Bassanio. There are rival wooers to Bianca as for Portia, and the scene is still Italy, though this is due to the adapter of the old play of *A Shrew*, who changed it from Athens. It is difficult to feel certain about the position of the play, for its links with *The Comedy of Errors* seem strong. First: Kate is like the shrew Adriana, shrewish from neglect. Her sister Bianca is somewhat like Adriana's sister Luciana. Second: Kate's wife's-subjection doctrine is just like that of Luciana in the *Errors*, ii. 1. Third: The threatened death of the Pedant on coming to Venice, iv. 2, is like the death decreed to the Syracusan coming to Ephesus in the *Errors*, i. 1. Fourth: The farcical beating of Grumio, etc., is like that of the Dromios; and Grumio's "Knock me," etc., is like Dromio's. But still with the Shrew-links that I have already named, and the further ones with *Henry IV.* of Hotspur's scene with his wife Kate, and the way he avoids and overrides her questions, being so like Petruchio's way with

* *The Leopold Shakspeare* (London, 1877), p. xliv. fol.

his Kate at their first meeting (compare both with the later beautiful scene of Brutus trusting his Portia in *Julius Cæsar*), of the shrew Kate's spirit in both Hotspur himself and his wife, the likeness of Prince Henry's madcap humours to Petruchio's—though both men have themselves entirely in hand, and have a purpose through all their acting—and, lastly, the kinship of Grumio's wit and humour with those of Falstaff, make me believe, for the present at least, that *The Shrew* is rightly placed between *The Merchant* and 1 *Henry IV.* . . .

It is the only play with an Induction; and Sly is carelessly left on the stage, and not taken off it, as in the old play. The double plot of the winning of the two sisters is admirably worked, and the stage situations are first-rate. We must recollect the position of women in early times in England. We start in the eighth century—

"A king shall with bargain buy a queen. . . . A damsel it beseems to be at her board [table]. . . . A rambling woman scatters words. She is often charged with faults, a man thinks of her with contempt, oft smites her cheek."—*Exeter Book*, pp. 338, 367.

Every reader of Chaucer remembers the Merchant's wife, "the worste that may be," who 'd overmatch the devil if he were coupled to her; the host's cruel wife, too; and the *Boke of Mayd Emlyn's* opinion of wives—

"For of theyr properte,
Shrewes all they be,
And styll can they prate."

Before 1575 (it is mentioned by Laneham) is "A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morrelles Skin," a popular poem, in which a man with a shrewish wife thrashes her till she bleeds, and then wraps her in the salted hide of his old horse Morrell. So the subject of taming shrews was a familiar one to the Elizabethan mind, and no one then would have been offended by Petruchio's likening of the training of a wife to that of a falcon, in

iv. 1. We must look on Petruchio as a man wanting a hunting mare now, a goer, never mind her temper. He looks at her in the stable: she kicks and bites; he quietly rakes her straw and hay out; lets her stand all night; gallops her next day till she can't stand; tames her, and is then in the first flight ever after. Accept this view, and then look at the play. Kate is a spoiled child, strong-willed, spoiled by her father's weakness and her sister's gentleness. She has a genuine grievance, that she, the strong, the mistress-mind, is not to have a husband, while her weak sister is to have one. As she says, ii. 1—

"*She* is your treasure, *she* must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell."

Kate, like all reasonable girls, wants to get married, and though she is not the cooeey, turtle-dovey girl that her sister is, who so attracts men, she knows she has that in her which is worthy of a man. She is soured by neglect, and she bullies her sister from envy; old Gremio calls her a devil, and hell. Petruchio comes. She sees he means business, though she snaps at him. She sees that he admires her beauty; she is flattered, and minds his opinion when she walks to show him she doesn't limp. She must admire him as the first man who stands up to her and overrules her. She is bewildered by his coolness and assurance too. She had forfeited by her childish bad temper a woman's right to chivalrous courtesy, and she feels that she has no right to complain of her lover's roughness. As a woman, too, she likes the promise of finery, and she makes up her mind to marry him. Nay, she actually cries when he comes too late. She who has scoffed at every one cannot bear the thought that—

"Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
And say, Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her."

To avoid this, Petruchio in any clothes is welcome; and she takes him at once, notwithstanding his outrageous and slovenly dress. She trembles and shakes at his hitting the priest (if he'd do that to God's representative, what wouldn't he do to her?). Having got him, she is to be balked of the wedding-feast (cruellest of all blows to a bride). Under the influence of the wedding she is tender at first. "Let me entreat you now; if you love me, stay" (iii. 2). And we almost wish that Petruchio had taken advantage of this tenderness, and tried taming by love. But then we should have lost the best scenes of the play. However, her entreaties are rejected, and she stands up really for the first time for her rights. Now or never: it is her best time, with all her friends around her. Now or never she will struggle for what women most desire, rule over their husbands.* And the result is not now. Petruchio's drawing his sword and hustling her away, with the further taming on the journey and on reaching home, are most admirably handled, while the first signs of weakness, the humbling of herself to Grumio, the fresh fight again over her clothes (if a woman mayn't choose her clothes, what on earth may she do?), bring the conviction to her that resistance will not pay. The dispute over the sun and moon she evidently treats as fun, and enters into the joke. She has given in once for all, has learned her lesson. She is convinced of her past folly, and goes through with her task as far on the good side as on the bad before. Why rebel and be tamed again? No sense in that. "Peace it bodes and quiet life," etc. She is a new daughter to Baptista. It is the best result for her time, though Tennyson shows us a better for our Victorian era in his *Princess*.

Petruchio is like Faulconbridge in making himself out worse than he really is. Though he declares his object is

* See Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale*; and the marriage of Sir Gawaine, in the *Percy Ballads* (i. 112); and the bequest in the *Wyll of the Dewyll*, "Item, I geue to all women souereygntee, which they most desyre."

only to wive wealthily, and Grumio says he 'd marry any foul old hag with money, yet this is plain exaggeration. He 's one of those men who like a bit of devil in the girl he marries and the mare he rides. "None of your namby-pamby ones for me." He knows he can tame her: if she is sharp-tempered, he is sharper. It 's a word and a blow with him, as Grumio has experienced. When he hears of Kate, he won't sleep till he sees her; when she comes, he takes the lead and keeps it. He means to have it and her. He ridicules her in such a pleasant, madcap fashion, that one can't help liking him. He understands women, and flatters her. Note the limping touch. He praises her beauty; promises her finery; keeps her waiting; makes her put up with his dress, and tremble at church; outs with his sword and makes her go with him; declares his wife 's his chattel; leaves her horse on her when she falls during the journey, and makes her beg for Grumio; will give no choleric food to choleric folk; in fact he "kills her in her own humour;" tames her by pretended love; starves her till she thanks him for meat he 's dressed; and then when her food has made her saucy, and she rebels again about her dress (which was indeed enough to make the most angelic woman's temper rise), he beats her in the old way by pretending to sympathize with her. Then he stops her going home, because she won't say two is seven. When she gives in, he no doubt tries her too hardly, but then she has tried him before, and the result is that they two alone are married, while the other two, Hortensio and Lucentio, are only "sped." ("Let us hope though," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "that Petruchio gave up choosing Kate's dresses and caps.") If Petruchio is not a *gentleman*, and Kate not a lady, their day differed from ours: they were a happy couple, we may be sure. Kate would obey him with a will, for her husband had fairly beaten her at her own game, and won her respect.

The farce and rich humour of the character, the delight-

ful exaggeration of sliding down his body, after a run down his head and neck, the dry humour of his account of the accident, his scene with the tailor (enlarged from the old play), his entering into the humour of his master's taming Kate, make Grumio the finest character in comedy that we have yet had from Shakspeare's hand. We must pass over Bianca—the sweet and gentle, whose breath perfumed the air, who yet had a will of her own, and that ever-Italian love of intrigue—only noting, as in private duty bound, that literature and language beat music, and win the girl. In Baptista we note his weakness, his being an old Italian fox, yet taken in for all his cleverness; his base willingness to sell his daughter for money. Lucentio loves at first sight, like Romeo does Juliet, and he cuts out the two older lovers and wins. Though Hortensio finds Petruchio to marry Kate, he yet loses Bianca. He is a straightforward fellow about love, and cannot stand her flirting. In the Induction, we notice Sly with his humour, standing between Bottom and Grumio, and with his Warwickshire allusions of Burton Heath and the fat ale-wife of Wincot; while the lord reproduces Shakspeare's love of hounds which we saw in Theseus in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. . . . The comical sham translation of the Latin lesson may have been suggested by a like bit in *The 3 Lords and 3 Ladies of London*, A.D. 1588, pr. 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vi. 500), "*O, singulariter nominativo*, wise Lord Pleasure; *genitivo*, bind him to the post; *dativo*, give me my torch; *accusativo*, for I say he's a cosener; *vocativo*, O, give me room to run at him; *ablativo*, take and blind me."



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLV, a tinker. } Persons in the
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, } Induction.
and Servants.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Kath-
erina.

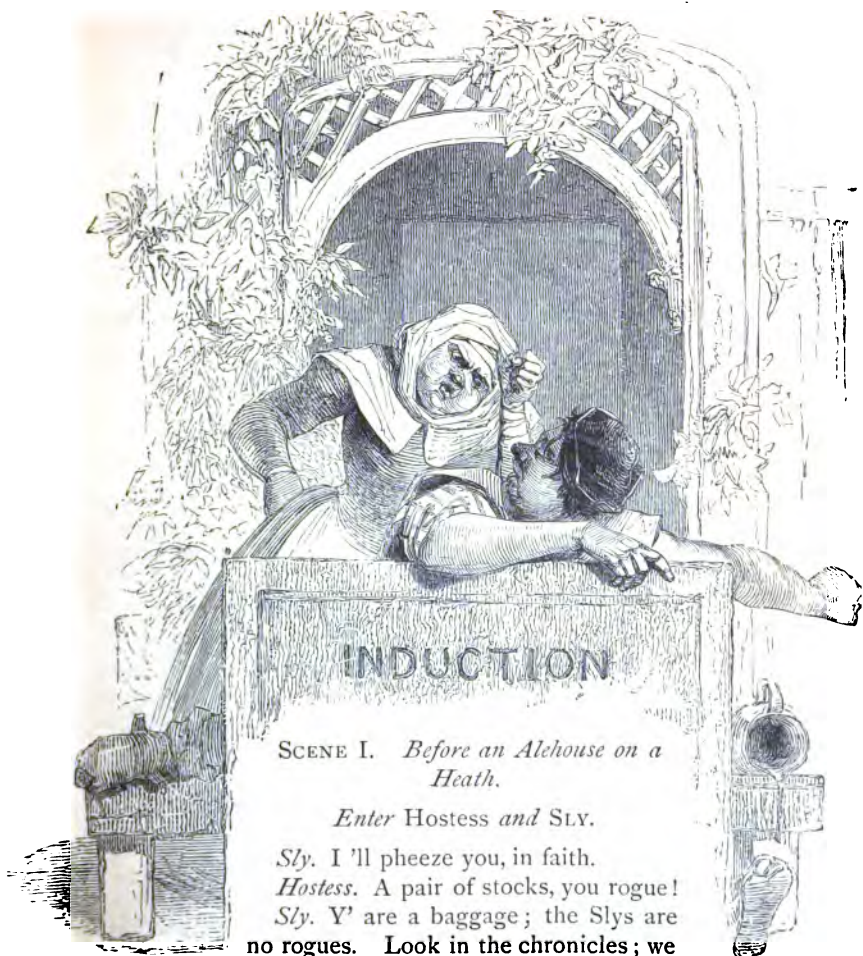
GREMIO, } suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }
TRANIO, } servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }
GRUMIO, } servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS, }

A Pedant.
KATHERINA, the shrew, } daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, }
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Bap-
tista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country-house.*





SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Hostess. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas palla-bris; let the world slide: sessa!

Hostess. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy; go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 9

Hostess. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law. I 'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds—
Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd—
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound. 20

1 *Hunter.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunter.* I will, my lord. 29

Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hunter.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

40

1 *Hunter*. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hunter*. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest :

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures ;

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet ;

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

'To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;

50

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight

And with a low submissive reverence

Say 'What is it your honour will command?'

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers ;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit

And ask him what apparel he will wear ;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

60

And that his lady mourns at his disease.

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;

And when he says he is, say that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs ;

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hunter*. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,

As he shall think by our true diligence

He is no less than what we say he is.

70

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him ;

And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds.—

[*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Servingman. An 't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord.

Bid them come near.—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players.

We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty. 80

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son.—
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 't was Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true.—Thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour—
For yet his honour never heard a play—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
 And give them friendly welcome every one ;
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exit one with the Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady ;
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
 And call him madam, do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished. 110
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
 And say 'What is 't your honour will command,
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife
 May show her duty and make known her love?'
 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who for this seven years hath esteemed him 120
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar ;
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
 Anon I 'll give thee more instructions.— [*Exit a Servingman.*
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman. 130
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

Enter aloft SLY, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances; and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Servant.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Servant.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Servant.* What raiment will your honour wear to day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather. 11

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
 O, that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedler, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught; here 's— 23

3 *Servant.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

2 *Servant.* O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
 As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
 And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. 30
 Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
 Each in his office ready at thy beck.
 Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [Music.
 And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
 Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
 Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground;
 Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl. 40
 Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
 Above the morning lark; or wilt thou hunt?
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Servant.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
 As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Servant.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
 straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, 50
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Servant.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
 Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord;
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful 60
 Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Servant.* And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'errun her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things.
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,

70

And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Servant.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your
hands?

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
'These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

80

1 *Servant.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle words;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Servant.* Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

90

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife? 100

Page. Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd 110
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady, 120
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will
therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a
Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

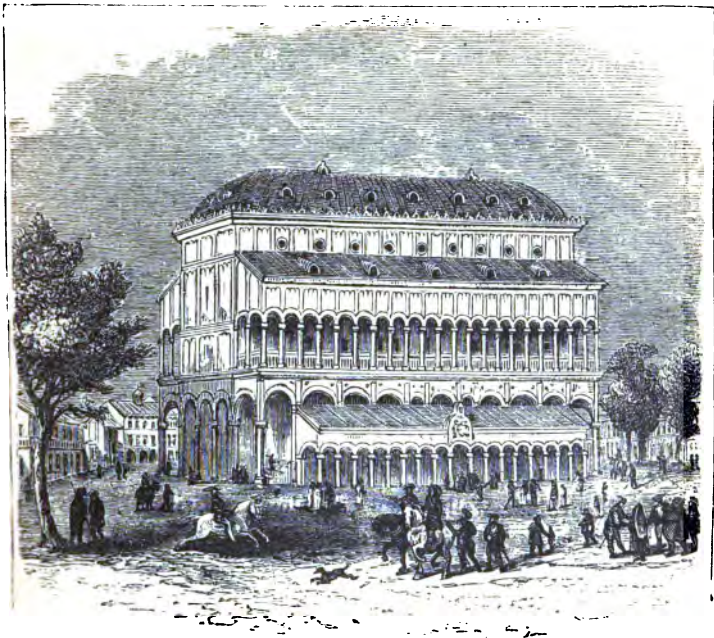
Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side
and let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.





TOWN-HOUSE, PADUA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Padua. A Public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and his man* TRANIO.

Lucentio. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,

My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
 Here let us breathe and haply institute
 A course of learning and ingenious studies.
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10
 Gave me my being and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;
 And therefore, 'Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply that treats of happiness
 By virtue specially to be achiev'd. 20
 Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
 And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
 A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tranio. Me perdonato, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself;
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
 Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
 Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
 Music and poesy use to quicken you;
 The mathematics and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Lucentio. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile ; what company is this?

Tranio. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHERINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. *LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by.*

Baptista. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
'That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gremio. [*Aside*] To cart her rather ; she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Katherina. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hortensio. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates
for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Katherina. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.
I wis it is not half way to her heart ;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hortensio. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us !

Gremio. And me too, good Lord !

Tranio. Hush, master ! here 's some good pastime toward ;
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Lucentio. But in the other's silence do I see 70
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio !

Tranio. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

Baptista. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in ;
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Katherina. A pretty peat ! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bianca. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe ;
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

Lucentio. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hortensio. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gremio. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Baptista. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd.—
Go in, Bianca.—

[*Exit Bianca.*]

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,—
Or Signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up :
And so farewell.—Katherina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

100

[*Exit.*]

Katherina. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not ?
What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, belike, I knew
not what to take, and what to leave, ha ?

[*Exit.*]

Gremio. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts are so
good, here 's none will hold you.—Their love is not so great,

Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father. 111

Hortensio. So will I, Signior Gremio; but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gremio. What's that, I pray?

Hortensio. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gremio. A husband! a devil.

Hortensio. I say, a husband. 120

Gremio. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hortensio. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gremio. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning. 130

Hortensio. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gremio. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! . Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Tranio. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold? 142

Lucentio. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness,
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was, 150
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tranio. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Lucentio. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound. 160

Tranio. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Lucentio. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tranio. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Lucentio. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, 170
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tranio. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd

That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

180

Lucentio. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tranio. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 't is plotted.

Lucentio. I have it, Tranio.

Tranio. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Lucentio. Tell me thine first.

Tranio. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid ;
That's your device.

Lucentio. It is ; may it be done ?

Tranio. Not possible ; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them ?

190

Lucentio. Basta ! content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master ; then it follows thus :
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should ;
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

200

Tranio. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,—

For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense,—
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

210

Lucentio. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.—

Enter BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Biondello. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

220

Lucentio. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Biondello. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

230

Lucentio. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Biondello. The better for him; would I were so too!

Tranio. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

239

Lucentio. Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers; if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Presenters above speak.

1 *Servant.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 't were done! [*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO.

Petruchio. Verona, for awhile I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Grumio. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Petruchio. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grumio. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10

Petruchio. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Grumio. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petruchio. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

Grumio. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Petruchio. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hortensio. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona? 22

Petruchio. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.

Hortensio. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.'—

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Grumio. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir; well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out? 32

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
'Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Petruchio. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grumio. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?' And come you now with 'knocking at the gate?' 41

Petruchio. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hortensio. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Petruchio. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home

Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

50

Hortensio. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel ;
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich : but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

60

Petruchio. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

70

Grumio. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a
puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in
her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty
horses ; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hortensio. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, 80
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Petruchio. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name and 't is enough; 91
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hortensio. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petruchio. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; 100
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Grumio. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would
think scolding would do little good upon him. She may
perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing;
an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell
you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a
figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall
have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him
not, sir. 112

Hortensio. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,

For those defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever Katherine will be woo'd ;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

Grumio. Katherine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hortensio. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Grumio. Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!—

Enter GRUMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised.

Master, master, look about you ; who goes there, ha?

Hortensio. Peace, Grumio ; it is the rival of my love.—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling and an amorous!
Grumio. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir ; I 'll have them very fairly bound :
All books of love, see that at any hand ;
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me ; over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,—
And let me have them very well perfum'd ;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Lucentio. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place ;

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gremio. O this learning, what a thing it is!

Grumio. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Petruchio. Peace, sirrah!

Hortensio. Grumio, mum! — God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gremio. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola. 160

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man, for learning and behaviour

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry

And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hortensio. 'T is well; and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty 170

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gremio. Belov'd of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Grumio. [*Aside*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hortensio. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. 180

Gremio. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Petruchio. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gremio. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Petruchio. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son;

My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gremio. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange !
But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name ; 190
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat ?

Petruchio. Will I live ?

Grumio. [*Aside*] Will he woo her ? ay, or I 'll hang
her.

Petruchio. Why came I hither but to that intent ?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ? 200
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Grumio. [*Aside*] For he fears none.

Gremio. Hortensio, hark ;
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hortensio. I promis'd we would be contributors 210
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gremio. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Grumio. [*Aside*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO *brave, and* BIONDELLO.

Tranio. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola ?

Biondello. He that has the two fair daughters? is 't he you mean?

Tranio. Even he, Biondello.

Gremio. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to— 220

Tranio. Perhaps, him and her, sir; what have you to do?

Petruchio. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tranio. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let 's away.

Lucentio. [*Aside*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hortensio. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tranio. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gremio. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tranio. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gremio. But so is not she.

Tranio. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gremio. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio. 231

Hortensio. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tranio. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have: 240
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gremio. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Lucentio. Sir, give him head; I know he 'll prove a jade.

Petruchio. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hortensio. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tranio. No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

250

Petruchio. Sir, sir, the first 's for me ; let her go by.

Gremio. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Petruchio. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth :
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed ;
The younger then is free and not before.

Tranio. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest,
An if you break the ice and do this seek—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access—whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

260

Hortensio. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tranio. Sir, I shall not be slack ; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

270

Grumio. Biondello. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let 's
be gone.

Hortensio. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so ;

Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.

[*Exeunt.*]



PISA.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Padua. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA.

Bianca. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Katherina. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best ; see thou dissemble not.

Bianca. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Katherina. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?

Bianca. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Katherina. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bianca. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

20

Katherina. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Baptista. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside.—Poor girl! she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Katherina. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*

Baptista. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

30

[*Exit Bianca.*

Katherina. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit.*

Baptista. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man*; PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician*; and TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gremio. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Baptista. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen! 41

Petruchio. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Baptista. I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

Gremio. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Petruchio. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting Hortensio.*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;

His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

Baptista. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,

She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Petruchio. I see you do not mean to part with her,

Or else you like not of my company.

Baptista. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Petruchio. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,

A man well known throughout all Italy.

Baptista. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gremio. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, 71

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.

Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Petruchio. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gremio. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio; pray, accept his service. 82

Baptista. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome, good Cambio.—[*To Tranio*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger; may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tranio. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. 90
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest;
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great. 100

Baptista. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tranio. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Baptista. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you the lute,—and you the set of books;—
You shall go see your pupils presently.—
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.—

*[Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio,
Biondello following.]*

We will go walk a little in the orchard, 110
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Petruchio. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Baptista. After my death the one half of my lands, 120
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Petruchio. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Baptista. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Petruchio. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, fa-
ther,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; 130
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Baptista. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Petruchio. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually. 140

Enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.

Baptista. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so
pale?

Hortensio. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Baptista. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hortensio. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Baptista. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hortensio. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, 150
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she, 'I 'll fume with them;'
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way:
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Petruchio. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did! 160
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Baptista. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Petruchio. I pray you do.—[*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*] I
will attend her here,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale. 170
 Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
 Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week.
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.— 180

Enter KATHERINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.
Katherina. Well have you heard, but something hard of
 hearing;
 They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

Petruchio. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town, 190
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Katherina. Mov'd! in good time! let him that mov'd you
 hither

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first
 You were a movable.

Petruchio. Why, what 's a movable?

Katherina. A join'd-stool.

Petruchio. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Katherina. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Petruchio. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Katherina. No such jade as you, if me you mean. 200

Petruchio. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Katherina. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Petruchio. Should be! should—buzz!

Katherina. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Petruchio. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take
thee?

Katherina. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Petruchio. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too
angry.

Katherina. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio. My remedy is then, to pluck it out. 210

Katherina. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Petruchio. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Katherina. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.*]

Petruchio. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Katherina. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Petruchio. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

Katherina. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Petruchio. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen. 220

Katherina. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Petruchio. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so
sour.

Katherina. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Petruchio. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not
sour.

Katherina. There is, there is.

Petruchio. Then show it me.

Katherina. Had I a glass, I would.

Petruchio. What, you mean my face?

Katherina. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Petruchio. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Katherina. Yet you are wither'd.

231

Petruchio. 'T is with cares.

Katherina. I care not.

Petruchio. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth, you scape not so.

Katherina. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Petruchio. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

240

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross'd in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twigg

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk; thou dost not halt.

250

Katherina. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Petruchio. Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Katherina. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petruchio. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Katherina. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Petruchio. Am I not wise?

Katherina. Yes; keep you warm.

260

Petruchio. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed ;

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

270

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Baptista. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Petruchio. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Baptista. Why, how now, daughter Katherine! in your dumps?

Katherine. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

280

Petruchio. Father, 't is thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:

290

And to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Katherina. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gremio. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tranio. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Petruchio. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself.

If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?

'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 't is incredible to believe

300

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

310

I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Baptista. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.

Gremio. Tranio. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Petruchio. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu!

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings and things and fine array;—

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine severally.*]

Gremio. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Baptista. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

321

Tranio. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you ;
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Baptista. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gremio. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter :
Now is the day we long have looked for ;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tranio. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess. 330

Gremio. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tranio. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gremio. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back ; 't is age that nourisheth.

Tranio. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Baptista. Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound this
strife.

'T is deeds must win the prize ; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.—

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gremio. First, as you know, my house within the city 340
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm 350
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tranio. That only came well in.—Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son.
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;

360

Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gremio. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amount's not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles road.—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

370

Tranio. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliases,
And twelve tight galleys; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gremio. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tranio. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Baptista. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own: else, you must pardon me,
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

380

Tranio. That 's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gremio. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Baptista. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married;
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;

390

If not, to Signior Gremio :

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit Baptista.*

Gremio. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age

Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[*Exit.*

Tranio. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'T is in my head to do my master good.

400

I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio ;

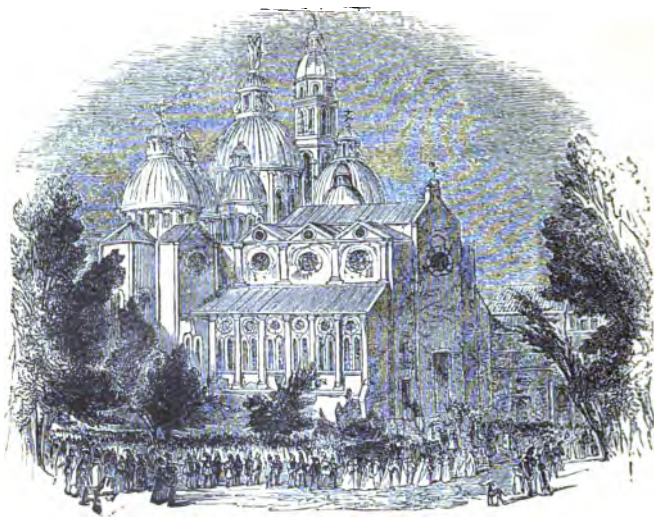
And that 's a wonder : fathers commonly

Do get their children, but in this case of wooing

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*



AN ARGOSY.



CHURCH OF ST. GIUSTINA, PADUA.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Padua. Baptista's House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Lucentio. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal ?

Hortensio. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Lucentio. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain ?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hortensio. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bianca. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

20

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hortensio. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Lucentio. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bianca. Where left we last?

Lucentio. Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bianca. Construe them.

30

Lucentio. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,' I am
Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa, 'Sigeia
tellus,' disguised thus to get your love; 'Hic steterat,' and
that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, 'Priami,' is my man
'Tranio,' 'regia,' bearing my port, 'celsa senis,' that we might
beguile the old pantaloon.

Hortensio. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bianca. Let 's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Lucentio. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bianca. Now let me see if I can construe it:

40

'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I
trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us
not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa senis,' despair not.

Hortensio. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Lucentio.

All but the base.

Hortensio. The base is right; 't is the base knave that
jars.—

[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is !
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love ;
Pedasculc, I 'll watch you better yet.

Bianca. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Lucentio. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, *Æacides* 50
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bianca. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt :

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hortensio. You may go walk, and give me leave a while ;
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Lucentio. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd, 60
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hortensio. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bianca. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hortensio. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. 70

Bianca. [Reads]

' Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection ;

D sol re, one clef, two notes have I ;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.'—

Call you this gamut ? tut, I like it not.

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up; 81
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bianca. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[Exeunt Bianca and Servant.]

Lucentio. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.]

Hortensio. But I have cause to pry into this pedant.
Methinks he looks as though he were in love;
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, LU-
CENTIO, and Others, attendants.*

Baptista. *[To Tranio.]* Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed
day

That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Katherina. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen, 10
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And, to be noted for a merry man,

He 'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

20

Tranio. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Katherine. Would Katherine had never seen him though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*]

Baptista. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Biondello. Master, master! news, old news, and such news
as you never heard of!

31

Baptista. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Biondello. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Baptista. Is he come?

Biondello. Why, no, sir.

Baptista. What then?

Biondello. He is coming.

Baptista. When will he be here?

Biondello. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

Tranio. But say, what to thine old news?

41

Biondello. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped

with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shot-ten; near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Baptista. Who comes with him?

59

Biondello. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and the humour of forty fancies pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tranio. 'T is some odd humour, pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Baptista. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Biondello. Why, sir, he comes not.

Baptista. Didst thou not say he comes?

70

Biondello. Who? that Petruchio came?

Baptista. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Biondello. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Baptista. Why, that 's all one.

Biondello. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

80

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Petruchio. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Baptista. You are welcome, sir.

Petruchio. And yet I come not well.

Baptista. And yet you halt not.

Tranio. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Petruchio. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown ;—

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet or unusual prodigy?

90

Baptista. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival !

Tranio. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Petruchio. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

100

Though in some part enforced to digress ;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her ;

The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tranio. See not your bride in these unreverent robes ;

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Petruchio. Not I, believe me ; thus I 'll visit her.

Baptista. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Petruchio. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with words. 110

To me she 's married, not unto my clothes ;
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*]

Tranio. He hath some meaning in his mad attire ;
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church. 120

Baptista. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*]

Tranio. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking ; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope, 130
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Lucentio. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tranio. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We 'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,

The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

140

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gremio. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tranio. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gremio. A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tranio. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

Gremio. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tranio. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

150

Gremio. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!

I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest

Should ask, if Katherine should be his wife,

'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he, and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book ;

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tranio. What said the wench when he rose again?

160

Gremio. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd and
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine. 'A health!' quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm, quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

170

This done, he took the bride about the neck

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
 That at the parting all the church did echo;
 And I seeing this came thence for very shame,
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
 Such a mad marriage never was before.
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and *Train.*

Petruchio. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer; 180
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Baptista. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Petruchio. I must away to-day, before night come.
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.—
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me; 190
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tranio. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Petruchio. It may not be.

Grumio. Let me entreat you.

Petruchio. It cannot be.

Katherina. Let me entreat you.

Petruchio. I am content.

Katherina. Are you content to stay?

Petruchio. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Katherina. Now, if you love me, stay.

Petruchio. Grumio, my horse.

Grumio. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses. 200

Katherina. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way.
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself.
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Petruchio. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Katherina. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?— 210
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gremio. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Katherina. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Petruchio. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—

Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves; 220
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.—
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.—
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—*Grumio,*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves; 230
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katherina, and Grumio.*

Baptista. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gremio. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tranio. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Lucentio. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?

Bianca. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.

Gremio. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Baptista. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-
groom wants

240

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

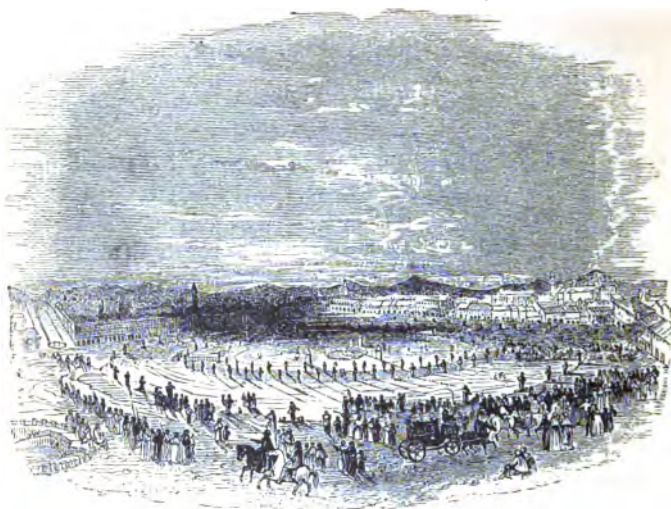
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tranio. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Baptista. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, gentlemen, let 's
go.

[*Exeunt.*





PRATO DELLA VALLE, PADUA.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Petruchio's Country-house.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Grumio. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold.—Holla, ho! Curtis.

10

Enter CURTIS.

Curtis. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grumio. A piece of ice ; if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curtis. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Grumio. O, ay, Curtis, ay : and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

Curtis. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Grumio. She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast ; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

22

Curtis. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

Grumio. Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curtis. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Grumio. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and therefore fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty ; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

32

Curtis. There 's fire ready ; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Grumio. Why, ' Jack, boy ! ho ! boy ! ' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curtis. Come, you are so full of cony-catching !

Grumio. Why, therefore fire ; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook ? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept ; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on ? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order ?

43

Curtis. All ready ; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Grumio. First, know, my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curtis. How?

Grumio. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curtis. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

50

Grumio. Lend thine ear.

Curtis. Here.

Grumio. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curtis. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grumio. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curtis. Both of one horse?

Grumio. What 's that to thee?

60

Curtis. Why, a horse.

Grumio. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

72

Curtis. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grumio. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugar-sop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-hair till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

81

Curtis. They are.

Grumio. Call them forth.

Curtis. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Grumio. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curtis. Who knows not that?

Grumio. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curtis. I call them forth to credit her.

90

Grumio. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servants.

Nathaniel. Welcome home, Grumio!

Philip. How now, Grumio!

Joseph. What, Grumio!

Nicholas. Fellow Grumio!

Nathaniel. How now, old lad?

Grumio. Welcome, you!—how now, you!—what, you!—fellow, you!—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nathaniel. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Grumio. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

102

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA.

Petruchio. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Servants. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Petruchio. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

110

Grumio. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Petruchio. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

120

Petruchio. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

[Singing] *Where is the life that late I led—*

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?—

[Sings] *It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—*

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry!
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

130

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither;—
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?—

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*]

Katherina. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Petruchio. A whorpeson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. 141
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What 's this? mutton?

First Servant.

Ay.

Petruchio.

Who brought it?

Peter.

I.

Petruchio. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!
[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight. 150

Katherina. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Petruchio. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;.
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company. 160
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nathaniel. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Grumio. Where is he?

Curtis. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency
to her;

And rails, and-swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

169

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Petruchio. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty ;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night :
And if she chance to nod I 'll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak ; 't is charity to show.

180

190

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tranio. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hortensio. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Lucentio. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bianca. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Lucentio. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bianca. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Lucentio. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
heart!

Hortensio. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I
pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tranio. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hortensio. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tranio. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hortensio. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

30

Tranio. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hortensio. Would all the world but he had quite for-
sworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

40

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love; and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit.*

Tranio. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As logeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bianca. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn
me?

Tranio. Mistress, we have.

Lucentio.

Then we are rid of Licio.

Tranio. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

50

Bianca. God give him joy!

Tranio. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

Bianca.

He says so, Tranio.

Tranio. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bianca. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tranio. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Biondello. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied 60
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tranio. What is he, Biondello?

Biondello. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Lucentio. And what of him, Tranio?

Tranio. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio. 70
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.]

Enter a Pedant.

Pedant. God save you, sir!

Tranio. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Pedant. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tranio. What countryman, I pray?

Pedant. Of Mantua.

Tranio. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Pedant. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes 80
hard.

Tranio. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'T is marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Pedant. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them.

90

Tranio. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Pedant. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tranio. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Pedant. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tranio. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

100

Biondello. [*Aside*] As much as an apple doth an oyster,
and all one.

Tranio. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

110

Pedant. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tranio. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you;
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

119

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *A Room in Petruchio's House.**Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO.**Grumio.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.*Katherina.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed;

10

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;

As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,

'T were deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grumio. What say you to a neat's foot?*Katherina.* 'T is passing good; I prithee let me have it.*Grumio.* I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

20

Katherina. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.*Grumio.* I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Katherina. A dish that I do love to feed upon.*Grumio.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.*Katherina.* Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grumio. Nay then, I will not; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Katherina. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grumio. Why then, the mustard without the beef. 30

Katherina. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat!

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat.

Petruchio. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amorf?

Hortensio. Mistress, what cheer?

Katherina. Faith, as cold as can be.

Petruchio. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee. 40

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—

Here, take away this dish.

Katherina. I pray you, let it stand.

Petruchio. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Katherina. I thank you, sir.

Hortensio. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Petruchio. [*Aside*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.— 50

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.—

60

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Haberdasher. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Petruchio. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy;
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Katherina. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

70

Petruchio. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hortensio. [*Aside*] That will not be in haste.

Katherina. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

80

Petruchio. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

G

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Katherina. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none. [*Exit Haberdasher.*]

Petruchio. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?

What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon.

What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?

Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, 90
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hortensio. [*Aside*] I see she 's like to have neither cap
nor gown.

Tailor. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Petruchio. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir.

I 'll none of it; hence! make your best of it. 100

Katherina. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Petruchio. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tailor. She says your worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Petruchio. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant; 110

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tailor. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grumio. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tailor. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grumio. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tailor. But did you not request to have it cut? 120

Grumio. Thou hast faced many things.

Tailor. I have.

Grumio. Face not me. Thou hast braved many men; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tailor. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Petruchio. Read it.

Grumio. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tailor. [Reads] '*Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.*' 130

Grumio. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread; I said a gown.

Petruchio. Proceed.

Tailor. [Reads] '*With a small compassed cape.*'

Grumio. I confess the cape.

Tailor. [Reads]. '*With a trunk sleeve.*'

Grumio. I confess two sleeves.

Tailor. [Reads] '*The sleeves curiously cut.*'

Petruchio. Ay, there 's the villany. 140

Grumio. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tailor. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Grumio. I am for thee straight; take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hortensio. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds. 150

Petruchio. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Grumio. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

Petruchio. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Grumio. Villain, not for thy life; take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Petruchio. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Grumio. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Petruchio. [*Aside*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.— 160

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hortensio. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow;
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away! I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*]

Petruchio. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit. 170

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him; 180

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Katherina. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two;
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

Petruchio. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

190

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hortensio. [*Aside*] Why, so this gallant will command the
sun. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Padua. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tranio. Sir, this is the house; please it you that I
call?

Pedant. Ay, what else? and but I be deceiv'd
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tranio. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Pedant. I warrant you.

En' er BIONDELLO.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good he were school'd.

Tranio. Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello, 10
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Biondello. Tut, fear not me.

Tranio. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Biondello. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tranio. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.—
Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of. 20

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Pedant. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself;

And, for the good report I hear of you

And for the love he beareth to your daughter

And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30

I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd: and if you please to like

No worse than I, upon some agreement

Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;

For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Baptista. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;

Your plainness and your shortness please me well. 40

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections;

And therefore, if you say no more than this,

That like a father you will deal with him

And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done:

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tranio. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
best

We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

50

Baptista. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tranio. Then at my lodging, an it like you;
There doth my father lie, and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.

Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

60

Baptista. It likes me well.—Biondello, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Biondello. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tranio. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—

[*Exit Biondello.*]

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:

70

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Baptista. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Biondello. Cambio!

Lucentio. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Biondello. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Lucentio. Biondello, what of that?

Biondello. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to
expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Lucentio. I pray thee, moralize them.

Biondello. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son. 81

Lucentio. And what of him?

Biondello. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Lucentio. And then?

Biondello. The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Lucentio. And what of all this?

Biondello. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.' To the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses. 92

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Lucentio. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Biondello. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Lucentio. I may, and will, if she be so contented. 101
She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Servants.

Petruchio. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Katherina. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Petruchio. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Katherina. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Petruchio. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd! 10

Hortensio. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Katherina. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Petruchio. I say it is the moon.

Katherina. I know it is the moon.

Petruchio. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Katherina. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun;
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind. 20
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hortensio. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Petruchio. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should
run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! What company is coming here?—

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*To Vincentio.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress; where away?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks! 30
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hortensio. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Katherina. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child!

Happier the man whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

40

Petruchio. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Katherina. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun

That every thing I look on seemeth green.

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Petruchio. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known

50

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vincentio. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,

My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit

A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Petruchio. What is his name?

Vincentio. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Petruchio. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,

60

I may entitle thee my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseem

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio,

And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

70

Vincentio. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hortensio. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

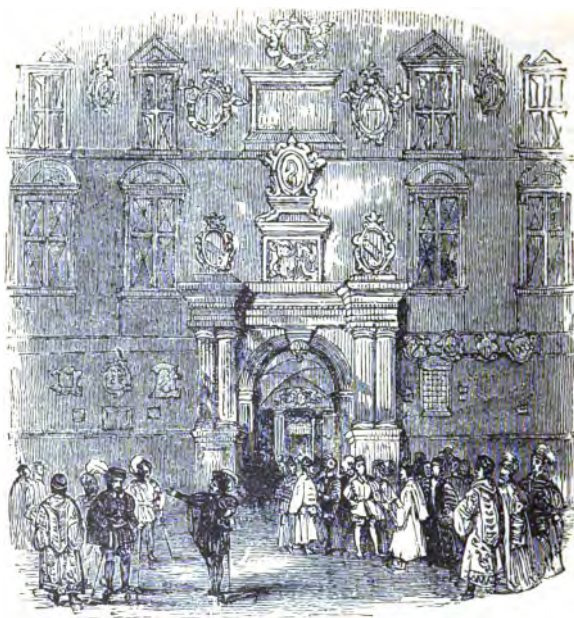
Petruchio. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*

Hortensio. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [Exit.



A LADY OF PADUA.



GYMNASIUM, PADUA.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Padua. Before Lucentio's House.*

GREMIO *discovered.* *Enter behind* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO,
and BIANCA.

Biondello. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Lucentio. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Biondello. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*]

Gremio. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, *with*
Attendants.

Petruchio. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house :
My father's bears more toward the market-place ;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vincentio. You shall not choose but drink before you go.
I think I shall command your welcome here, " " " "
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gremio. 'They're busy within ; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Pedant. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down
the gate?

Vincentio. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Pedant. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vincentio. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or
two, to make merry withal?

Pedant. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ; he shall
need none, so long as I live. " " " "

Petruchio. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in
Padua.—Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances,
I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come
from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

Pedant. Thou liest ; his father is come from Padua and
here looking out at the window.

Vincentio. Art thou his father?

Pedant. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Petruchio. [*To Vincentio.*] Why, how now, gentleman ! why,
this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name. " " " "

Pedant. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe a' means to
cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Biondello. I have seen them in the church together ; God

send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vincentio. [*Seeing Biondello.*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Biondello. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vincentio. Come-hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me? 40

Biondello. Forgot you! no, sir; I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vincentio. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Biondello. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vincentio. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*]

Biondello. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*]

Pedant. Help, son!—help, Signior Baptista! 50

[*Exit from above.*]

Petruchio. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Re-enter Pedant below; TRANIO, BAPTISTA, and Servants.

Tranio. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vincentio. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tranio. How now! what 's the matter?

Baptista. What, is the man lunatic? 60

Tranio. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vincentio. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Baptista. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vincentio. His name! as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio. 71

Pedant. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vincentio. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tranio. Call forth an officer.—

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming. 81

Vincentio. Carry me to the gaol!

Gremio. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Baptista. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.

Gremio. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Pedant. Swear, if thou darest.

Gremio. Nay, I dare not swear it. 90

Tranio. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gremio. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Baptista. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vincentio. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd.
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Biondello. O! we are spoiled and—yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Lucentio. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vincutio. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*]

Bianca. Pardon, dear father.

Baptista. How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Lucentio. Here 's Lucentio, 100

Right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gremio. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vincutio. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Baptista. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bianca. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Lucentio. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio, 110

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arriv'd at the last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vincutio. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent
me to the gaol.

Baptista. But do you hear, sir? have you married my
daughter without asking my good will? 119

Vincutio. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:
but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*]

Baptista. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

Lucentio. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Gremio. My cake is dough; but I 'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

Katherina. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this
ado.

Petruchio. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Katherina. What, in the midst of the street?

Petruchio. What, art thou ashamed of me? 130

Katherina. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Petruchio. Why, then let 's home again.—Come, sirrah,
let 's away.

Katherina. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee,
love, stay.

Petruchio. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Padua. Lucentio's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO,
BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow,
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, *and* GRUMIO; *the Serving-men with*
Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Lucentio. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katherina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down; 10
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Petruchio. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Baptista. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Petruchio. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hortensio. For both our sakes, I would that word were
true.

Petruchio. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Petruchio. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Widow. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20

Petruchio. Roundly replied.

Katherina. Mistress, how mean you that?

Widow. Thus I conceive by him.

Petruchio. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hortensio. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Petruchio. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.

Katherina. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round;'

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Widow. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe;
And now you know my meaning. 30

Katherina. A very mean meaning.

Widow. Right, I mean you.

Katherina. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Petruchio. To her, Kate!

Hortensio. To her, widow!

Petruchio. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hortensio. That 's my office.

Petruchio. Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad!

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Baptista. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gremio. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bianca. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body 40
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vincenzio. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bianca. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I 'll sleep again.

Petruchio. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bianca. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katherine, and Widow.*]

Petruchio. She hath prevented me. — Here, Signior
Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; 50
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tranio. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Petruchio. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tranio. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

'T is thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Baptista. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Lucentio. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hortensio. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Petruchio. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Baptista. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petruchio. Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his' wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hortensio. Content. What is the wager?

Lucentio. Twenty crowns. 70

Petruchio. Twenty crowns!

I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Lucentio. A hundred then.

Hortensio. Content.

Petruchio. A match! 't is done.

Hortensio. Who shall begin?

Lucentio.

That will I.—

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Biondello. I go.

[*Exit.*

Baptista. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Lucentio. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself—

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Biondello.

Sir, my mistress sends you word &c

That she is busy and she cannot come.

Petruchio. How! she is busy and she cannot come?

Is that an answer?

Gremio.

Ay, and a kind one too;

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Petruchio. I hope, better.

Hortensio. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith.

[*Exit Biondello.*

Petruchio.

O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hortensio.

I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.—

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where 's my wife?

90

Biondello. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Petruchio. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me.

[*Exit Grumio.*

Hortensio. I know her answer.

Petruchio.

What?

Hortensio.

She will not.

Petruchio. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Baptista. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

Re-enter KATHERINA.

Katherina. What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100

Petruchio. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Katherina. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Petruchio. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit Katherina.*]

Lucentio. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hortensio. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Petruchio. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet
life,

And awful rule and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy? 110

Baptista. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Petruchio. Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.— 120

Re-enter KATHERINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

Widow. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bianca. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Lucentio. I would your duty were as foolish too;
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bianca. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Petruchio. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

130

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Widow. Come, come, you 're mocking; we will have no telling.

Petruchio. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Widow. She shall not.

Petruchio. I say she shall;—and first begin with her.

Katherina. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

140

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

150

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

160

I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
 But now I see our lances are but straws,
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

170

Petruchio. Why, there 's a wench!—Come on, and kiss
 me, Kate.

180

Lucentio. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

Vincenzio. 'T is a good hearing when children are toward.

Lucentio. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Petruchio. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.—

[*To Lucentio.*] 'T was I won the wager, though you hit the
 white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine.*]

Hortensio. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst
 shrew.

Lucentio. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd
 so.

[*Exeunt.*]



NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson (first edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the "Acme" reprint of that ed.

NOTES.



INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—In the 1st folio, there is no separation between the Induction and the play. We find "*Actus primus. Scena Prima.*" at the beginning, "*Actus Tertia.*" at the head of act iii., "*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*" at iv. 3, and "*Actus Quintus.*" at v. 2. There is no list of *Dramatis Personæ* (cf. *Oth.* p. 153).

The old *Taming of a Shrew* opens thus :

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Dronken*.

Tapster.

You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.

Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instigation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.

He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all derseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepeie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furdre.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuise,
But see in any case you wake him not.

Exeunt two with Slie.

1. Enter HOSTESS and SLY. The folio has "*Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly*;" and "*Begger*" or "*Beg*;" is the prefix to Sly's speeches throughout.

Pheeze. "According to some commentators=to beat, to others=to drive; probably a verb signifying any kind of teasing and annoying" (Schmidt). It occurs again in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 215: "An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride." The folio has "pese" there, "pheeze" here; in the old play (see above) it is "fese." Halliwell and Wright (*Archaic Dict.*) give *pheeze*="beat, chastise, humble," as a Westmoreland word; and they quote "To pheeze, i. e. to pay a person off for an injury" from a MS. *Devonshire Glossary*. Mr. J. Crosby informs us that "in the North of England they have a word pronounced *phase*, meaning to make an impression upon, to stir up, to touse, to arouse; as in 'I called the

man a scoundrel, but it never *phased* him,' 'I hit the door with all my might, but couldn't *phase* it.' This, he thinks, may be Shakespeare's word.

4. *Rogues*. "That is *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen" (Johnson). We find "William Slye" in the list of "The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes," prefixed to the 1st folio.

5. *Richard Conqueror*. Some of the commentators take the trouble to inform us that this is "Sly's blunder for William the Conqueror."

6. *Paucas pallabris*. A corruption of the Spanish *pocas palabras*=few words. Steevens notes that the expression appears in other plays of the time, but "always appropriated to the lowest characters." *Sessa*, according to Johnson (see *Lear*, p. 222), is the French *cessez*=cease, stop. Schmidt thinks it is "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running (cf. the German *sasa*)."
Let the world slide was proverbial. Cf. ind. 2. 139 below: "let the world slip."

7. *Burst*. Broken. Cf. iii. 2. 55 and iv. 1. 69 below; and see also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 180.

8. *Denier*. The twelfth part of a French *sou*. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 183. The French coin was not current in England, but the name came to be used for the smallest imaginable sum.

Go by, Jeronimy. The folio has "go by S. *Jeronimie*," and some modern eds. give "go by, St. Jeronimy." The quarto has "goe by *Ieronimie*." The Camb. editors suggest that the "S." of the folio "may have been derived from a note of exclamation in the MS., written, as it is usually printed, like a note of interrogation." Mr. J. Crosby, who would read "Saint Jeronimy," thinks it probable that "Sly, often hearing the phrase 'Go by, Jeronimy,' thought that the *by* meant an *oath*, and he intended to say 'by Saint Jerome;' and wanting badly to *swear* at the hostess anyway, he got it all mixed up."

The phrase is from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*: "Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by." The play was "the common butt of railery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time" (Theo.).

Go to thy cold bed and warm thee seems to have been proverbial. See *Lear*, p. 220, note on *Blow the winds*.

10. *Thirdborough*. A kind of constable. The early eds. have "headborough." The correction is Theobald's, and is generally adopted. The word is corrupted to *tharborough* in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 185: "I am his grace's tharborough."

13. *Boy*. "Probably a drunken reminiscence, on the part of Sly, of the tapster" (Clarke). Cf. the extract from the old play above.

15. *Tender well*. Take good care of. See *Rich. II.* p. 151, or *Ham.* p. 244.

16. *Brach*. The word properly meant a female hound (see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 176, note on *Lady, my brach*), but came to be applied to a particular kind of scenting-dog. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 72: "Hound or spaniel, brach or lym." In the present passage, if we retain the old reading we must make the line parenthetical, as W. does; but there is probably some corruption. Hanmer substituted "Leech," and Johnson conjectured "Bathe." D., Sr., and Clarke read "Trash," for which see *Temp.* p. 113, or *Oth.* p. 175.

Emboss'd was a hunter's term, used of an animal foaming at the mouth in consequence of hard hunting. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 13. 3:

"the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd."

See also *Lear*, p. 213. Halliwell quotes Turbervile's *Hunting*: "When the hart is foamy at the mouth, we say that he is embossed;" and *Wit and Drollery*: "He chaf'd and fom'd, as buck embost."

17. *Deep-mouth'd*. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 12: "Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;" that is, the more sonorous bark. See also *K. John*, v. 2. 173, and *Hen. V.* v. chor. 11.

19. *In the coldest fault*. When the scent was coldest, and the dogs most at fault. Cf. *V. and A.* 694:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies."

See also *T. N.* ii. 5. 134: "he is now at a cold scent."

22. *He cried upon it at the merest loss*. He gave the cry (cf. the passage just quoted from *V. and A.*) when the scent seemed utterly lost. For *mere*=absolute, utter, see *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc. Halliwell makes *merest loss*="the smallest loss of scent."

35. *Practise*. Play a trick. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 125: "you have . . . practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman," etc.

39. *Brave*. In handsome livery. See *M. of V.* p. 154.

41. *Cannot choose*. Cannot help it; as often. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 174.

47. *Balm*. See *Lear*, p. 229; and cf. also *Per.* iii. 2. 65:

"balm'd and entreasur'd
With full bags of spices."

48. *Lodging*. Chamber; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 234: "the lodging where I first did swoon," etc.

56. *Diaper*. Towel; the only instance of the word in S.

63. *And when he says he is, say*, etc. The reading of all the early eds. We are inclined to agree with W. that the meaning is "And when, on your telling him that he *hath been* crazy, he says that he *is*, say that he dreams." In the next scene, Sly says "What, would you make me mad?" and farther on "Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?" and the servant replies "These fifteen years you have been in a dream," etc. The idea here seems to be that Sly will be doubtful whether he is crazy or dreaming (as the event proves), and that he is to be assured (as he is by the servant) that his reminiscences of his tinker life are only a dream. Rowe reads "says he's poor;" and Theo. (followed by many editors) points thus: "Says he's—say that he is;" as if the speaker were at a loss to supply Sly's name. The Coll. MS. has "says what he is." The Camb. editors favour Lettsom's suggestion that a line has been lost between 62 and 63.

65. *Kindly*. Probably=naturally; as Schmidt explains it. Cf. the adjective=natural (*Much Ado*, p. 154).

66. *Passing*. Surpassingly; as very often. Cf. ii. i. 111, iii. 2. 24, etc., below.

67. *Modesty*. Moderation; that is, not overdoing it. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 21: "o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone," etc. See also 92 below.

69. *As*. So that; as in *Sonn.* 62. 8 (Schmidt). Gr. 109.

74. *Belike*. It is likely. Cf. *Rich.* III. p. 181.

Clarke notes that Bassanio's return to Belmont (*M. of V.* v. i. 122) is announced by sound of trumpet. In like manner, companies of actors used to make known their advent by a flourish of trumpets.

80. *So please your lordship*, etc. These strolling players were in the habit of offering their services in this way at the country mansions of noblemen. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 16 fol.

82. *Since*. When; so used only after verbs of remembering. See *W. T.* p. 210, or Gr. 132.

86. In the folio this speech has the prefix "*Sincklo*," the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company. Like other instances of the kind, it serves to show that the folio was printed from stage copies of the plays. *Sincklo* was also one of the actors in 2 *Hen. IV.*, as the quarto of 1600 has in v. 4 the stage-direction "*Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers*." Again in the folio, in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1, we find the stage-direction, "*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with crosse-bowes in their hands*;" and "*Sink*," "*Sinklo*," or "*Sin*," is prefixed to the speeches of the 1st Keeper that follow.

Soto is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*.

87. *Excellent*. Often adverbial. See *Much Ado*, p. 138.

89. *The rather for*. The more so because; as in *M. for M.* i. 4. 22, *A. W.* iii. 5. 45, *A. and C.* ii. 2. 23, etc.

90. *Cunning*. Skill. Cf. *Ham.* p. 257.

92. *Modesties*. See on 67 above. For the plural cf. *Rich.* II. iv. i. 314: "your sights;" and see our ed. p. 206.

93. *Over-eyeing*. Observing, witnessing. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 80: "And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye."

94. *Yet*. For its use *before* the negative, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 91:

"yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love."

See also *R. and J.* p. 165, note on *Yet not*. Gr. 76.

95. *Merry passion*. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 47:

"idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;"

and *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 132: "Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger." The word is a trisyllable here. Cf. *impatient* just below. Gr. 479.

99. *Antic*. Oddity. Cf. *Rich.* II. p. 192.

100. *Buttery*. The room where eatables were kept. Cf. *buttery-bar* in *T. N.* i. 3. 74, and see our ed. p. 124.

103. *Barthol'mew*. The early eds. all have "Bartholmew."

104. *Dress'd in all suits*, etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 118: "That I did suit me all points like a man."

106. *Obeisance*. Apparently accented on the first syllable; but possibly an adjective has dropped out. S. uses the word only here.

112. *Soft, low tongue*. Malone compares *Lear*, v. 3. 273:

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

116. *Embracements*. Used by S. oftener than *embrace*. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 44, *W. T.* v. 1. 114, *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 30, etc.

117. *Declining head into*, etc. Head declining into. For "transposition of adjective phrases," see Gr. 419a.

120. *This seven*. Changed by Theo. to "twice seven," on account of the "fifteen years" in line 77 of the next scene; but, as Clarke remarks, the exaggeration there is characteristically humorous, and, moreover, S. not unfrequently gives these variations. See *T. N.* p. 126, note on *Three days*; and cf. the "nineteen" of *M. for M.* i. 2. 172 with the "fourteen" of *Id.* i. 3. 21 (changed by Theo. to "nineteen"). *Him*=himself; as in 75 above.

124. *An onion*. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 321: "Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon;" *A. and C.* i. 2. 176: "the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow;" and *Id.* iv. 2. 35: "And I, an ass, am onion-eyed." Johnson suggests that the onion may have been used for this purpose by the actors of interludes. *Close*=secretly.

125. *Napkin*. Handkerchief; as often. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190, or *Oth.* p. 188.

126. *In despite*. For the absolute use, cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 48: "And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food." See also *R. of L.* 55.

128. *Instructions*. A quadrisyllable. See on 95 above.

135. *Spleen*. "Any sudden impulse or fit beyond the control of reason" (Schmidt). For its application to a fit of mirth or laughter, cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 122, *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 77, v. 2. 117, etc.

SCENE II.—I. *Enter aloft*, etc. That is, in the balcony at the back of the old English stage. When a play within a play was performed, the spectators were placed in this balcony, while the actors occupied the front of the stage.

In the old play this scene begins as follows:

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Ex.ii.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?

One. I my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.

My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord,

Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.

Lord. Heers wine my lerd, the purest of the grape.

Slie. For which Lord?

Lord. For your honour my Lord.

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.

Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steeds more swiit of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the *Persian* plaines.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.

Who in running will oreake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed.

2. *Sack.* "The generic name of Spanish and Canary wines" (Schmidt).
See *Hen. V.* p. 187.

6. *I am Christophero Sly*, etc. See p. 15 above.

12. *Idle.* Foolish, absurd; as in 81 below.

17. *Burton-heath.* Probably Barton-on-the-Heath, a village in Warwickshire.

18. *Bear-herd.* One who leads about a tame bear. See *Much Ado*, p. 129.

20. *Wincot.* K. says: "*Wincot* is the name of a hamlet farm situated about four miles from Stratford on the road to Cheltenham. It is a substantial stone building [see cut on p. 9] of the Elizabethan period, and was probably at its first erection a manorial residence." The ale-house may have stood on a site about a quarter of a mile distant, where the villagers say there was once a house. It is more probable, however, that the *Wincot* of the play, like the *Woncot* of 2 *Hen. IV.* (see our ed. p. 196) is *Wilnecote* or *Wilmecote*, a hamlet about three miles to the north of Stratford in the parish of Aston-Cantlow. Here lived Robert Arden, whose youngest daughter was Shakespeare's mother. She inherited a house and lands in the village.

21. *Sheer ale.* Unmixed ale; or, in modern English, "entire beer." St. cites B. and F., *Double Marriage*, v. 1, where Castruccio, on being allowed only wine and water, asks indignantly "Shall I have no sheer wine then?" Some make *sheer ale*=ale alone, nothing but ale. Halliwell, who prefers this explanation, cites *A Merry Discourse of Meum and Tuum*, 1639: "they had spent eleven grotes in sheare ale onely, beside cheese and bread;" but there it may have the other sense. In the present passage, as Mr. J. Crosby suggests, *Sly* may use the word in a double sense. S. uses *sheer* only here and in *Rich. II.* v. 3. 61: "Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain!" where it is=clear, pure.

23. *Bestraught.* Like *distraught* (see *R. and J.* p. 206)=distracted. Steevens quotes Warner, *Albions England*: "she as one bestrought;" and Surrey's trans. of Virgil: "Well near bestraught."

35. *We'll have thee to a couch*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 174: "To have my love to bed and to arise."

39. *Trapp'd.* Cf. *T. of A.* i. 2. 189: "horses trapp'd in silver."

46. *Breathed.* "In full career, in the full display of strength" (Schmidt).

Cf. the Fr. *mis en haleine*. So in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 230: "I am not yet well breathed." See our ed. p. 145.

49. *Cytherea*. Venus. See *W. T.* p. 192.

53. *Beguiled and surpris'd*. That is, by Jupiter under the form of a cloud. *Io* is not elsewhere referred to by S.

55. *Daphne*. See also *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 231 and *T. and C.* i. 1. 101.

58. *Workmanly*. Adverbial, like *lively* just above. Gr. 1.

71. *Christophero*. The reading of the later folios; the 1st has "Christopher." Cf. 6 above. In 16 the 1st and 2d folios have "Christopher," the others "Christophero."

79. *Fay*. Faith. See *Ham.* p. 205.

85. *Leet*. Court-leet, or manor court, where those accused of using false weights and measures were tried. *Sealed quarts* are quart-pots duly sealed or stamped as being of legal size.

91. *Of Greece*. Changed by Hanmer to "o' th' Green." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 183: "Peter Bullcalf o' the Green." Halliwell conjectures "of Greys" or "of Grete." Other emendations have been proposed; but Hanmer's is the best, if any is called for.

97. *I thank thee*, etc. Clarke remarks: "This speech is probably made in answer to one of the servants bringing Sly some of the *sack* and *con-serves*; as immediately after he says 'I fare well, for here is *cheer* enough.'"

108. *Al'ce*. A provincial contraction of *Alice*. Halliwell cites, among other instances of it, from an old parish register: "Alse Merten was buried the 25. daye of June, 1586;" and from a MS. account-book in Lincoln cathedral: "Alce Barrow came to dwell with my father the 3rd December, 1638."

111. *Above*. The reading of 1st and 2d folios; the others (followed by some modern eds.) have "about." As Clarke remarks, "the very vagueness of expression is characteristic of the speaker." Rowe changed *year* to "years;" but this old English use of nouns of measure and weight is common in S. Cf. *pound* in ind. 1. 20 above; and see *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *A thousand pound*.

133. *Marry, I will*, etc. The reading and pointing are Capell's. The 1st and 2d folios have "Marrie I will let them play, it is not," etc.; the 3d folio "Marry I will, let them play, it is not, etc.; and the 4th "Marry I will, let them play, is it not," etc.

Comonty is of course Sly's blunder for *Comedy*. The old play has a similar joke in connection with the announcement of the arrival of the players:

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglye,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you? •

San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragical
Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thout shame vs all.

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew
Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^e are married men.

Pope substituted "commodity" for *comonty*.

138. *Well, we'll see 't,* etc. The Coll. MS. reads:

"Well, we'll see it. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
We shall ne'er be younger, and let the world slide."

Lettsom conjectures:

"Well, well, we'll see 't, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife;
[*Sings*] Sit by my side,
And let the world slide:
We shall ne'er be younger."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—2. *Padua.* Clarke cites Florio's *Second Fruits*: "Milan great, Genoa proud, Bologna fertile, Naples gentle, Florence fair, Padua learned, Ravenna ancient, and Roine holy."

K. remarks: "During the ages when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art crowded into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua:

'His name is Licio, born in Mantua;'

or a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,

'as he that leaves

The shallow plash to plunge him in the deep;'

or a 'Pedant' (iv. 2) turning aside from the road to 'Rome and Tripoly,' to spend 'a week or two' in the great 'nursery of arts' of the Italian peninsula. The University of Padua was in all its glory in Shakespeare's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the 'public places,' and the servants who buy in the market; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do in the play.

"The University of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that

of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. 'The mathematics' are still a favourite branch of learning, with some 'Greek, Latin, and other languages;' also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the University of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been."

3. *Fruitful Lombardy*, etc. "The rich plain of Lombardy is still like a pleasant garden, and appears as if it must ever continue to be so, sheltered as it is by the vast barrier of the Alps, and fertilized by the streams which descend from their glaciers. From the walls of the Lombard cities, which are usually reared on rising grounds, the prospects are enchanting, presenting a fertile expanse, rarely disfigured by fences, intersected by the great Via Emilia—one long avenue of mulberry trees; gleaming here and there with transparent lakes, and adorned with scattered towns, villas, and churches, rising from among the vines. Corn, oil, and wine are everywhere ripening together; and not a speck of barrenness is visible, from the northern Alps and eastern Adriatic, to the unobstructed southern horizon, where the plain melts away in sunshine" (K.).

9. *Ingenious*. Johnson conjectured "ingenuous;" but Reed quotes Coles, *Dict.* 1677: "*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded." S. (or his printers) appears to use the two words indiscriminately (Schmidt).

10. *Pisa, renowned*, etc. See p. 20 above.

13. *Vincentio, come*. The early eds. have "*Vincentio's* come;" corrected by Hanmer, who in the next line reads "Lucentio his son."

15. *Serve*. Fulfil; as in *A. W.* ii. i. 205: "Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd," etc.

19. *Apply*. Apparently equivalent to "ply," as Clarke explains it. Schmidt also thinks that may be the meaning. Halliwell quotes Gascoigne's *Supposes* (see p. 11 above): "I feare he applyes his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke;" and *Nice Wanton*, 1560:

"O ye children, let your time be well spent,
Applye your learning, and your elders obey."

Hanmer inserted "To" before *Virtue* in 18.

23. *Plash*. Pool; used by S. only here. Halliwell quotes Withals, *Dict.* ed. 1608: "A plash or fenne, palus, paludis, lacus palustris;" and Peele, *Honour of the Garter*, 1593: "As in a plash or calme transparent brooke."

25. *Me perdonato*. The folios have "Me pardonato," and the quarto "Me pardinato." Capell (followed by most editors) reads "Mi perdonate;" on which Mr. C. A. Brown comments thus: "Indeed we should read no such thing as two silly errors in two common words. S. may

have written *Mi perdoni* or *Perdonatemi*; but why disturb the text further than by changing the syllable *par* into *per*? It then expresses (instead of *pardon me*) *me being pardoned*."

28. *To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy*. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 479, where "divine philosophy" is called "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets."

32. *Checks*. The reading of all the early eds. If it be what S. wrote, it refers to the "harsh rules" (Steevens) or "austere morals" (Schmidt) of Aristotle. Some editors adopt Blackstone's conjecture of "ethics." The old play, in the corresponding passage, has

"Welcome to *Athens* my beloved friend,
To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristotles* walkes."

For *devote*, see Gr. 342.

33. *As*. That. Cf. *L. L.* ii. 1. 174:

"you shall be so receiv'd
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart," etc.

See Gr. 109.

34. *Balk*. Schmidt makes the word—"neglect, not to care for;" as in *R. of L.* 696:

"Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight," etc.

Clarke defines it "to wrangle as a disputant, to altercation in reasoning;" and Boswell quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 12:

"But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke."

Cf. also *Id.* iv. 10. 25:

"And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praying their god and yelding him great thanks,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt."

This is, on the whole, the more likely meaning here. Rowe changed *Balk* to "Talk," and Capell conjectured "Chop."

37-40. *The mathematics*, etc. See p. 14 above.

41. *Gramercies*. Great thanks. See *Rich. III.* p. 212. For the plural form, cf. *T. of A.* ii. 2. 69: "Gramercies, good fool." Elsewhere S. has "gramercy."

42. *If, Biondello*, etc. The Coll. MS. has "If Biondello now were come," which D. and Clarke adopt. It is a very plausible emendation, if any be called for.

48. *Enter . . . KATHERINA*. We follow the spelling of the name in the folio, as in *Hen. VIII.* The editors generally give "Katharina" and "Katharine." The Italian form is *Caterina*.

Importune. Accented by S. on the second syllable. See *Ham.* p. 190. To fill out the measure Theo. inserted "both" after *Gentlemen*; but these imperfect lines occur often in this play.

55. *Cart*. "A play upon *court* and *cart* is common in old writers, and

very plainly depended upon a pronunciation of the former like the latter. Such a pronunciation lingered in some parts of England till the end of the 17th century. Titus Oates affected it. Carting was a punishment akin to the ducking-stool, and consisted in driving the offender about the town in a cart" (W.).

58. *Stale*. Laughing-stock, dupe; with, perhaps, a quibbling allusion to *stale-mate* in chess (Schmidt). Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 260: "Had he none else to make a stale but me?" See also *T. A.* i. 1. 304.

62. *I wis*. Printed "I-wis" in the early eds. except the 4th folio. It is a corruption of *ywis*=truly, verily. See *M. of V.* p. 146.

The meaning of the line seems to be: Indeed you have not got half way to her heart; or, as Mr. J. Crosby puts it, "*she* is not one that meets her lovers half way."

64. *To comb*, etc. The expression is an old one. Halliwell cites, among other examples of it, Skelton's *Merie Tales*: "Hys wife woulde divers tymes in the week kimbe his head with a iij. footed stoole."

65. *A fool*. That is, a professional jester. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 175: "His man with scissors nicks him like a fool" (that is, clips his hair).

68. *Hush*. The 1st and 2d folios and the quarto have "Husht," which also occurs in *Per.* i. 3. 10; but elsewhere in the early eds. the interjection is *hush*. The *Qamb.* ed. retains "Husht" here.

Toward. At hand, coming. See *M. N. D.* p. 156.

78. *Peat*. A form of *pet*, not found elsewhere in *S.* *Pet* he does not use at all. Halliwell quotes *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"And God send every pretty peate,
Heigh hoe, the pretty peate,
That feares to die of this conceit,
So kinde a friende to helpe at last;"

Massinger, *City Madam*: "You are pretty peats," etc.

79. *Put finger in the eye*. That is, weep in a childish manner (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 206:

"Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep."

Halliwell cites some verses quoted in Thomas's *Hist. of Italie*:

"Some be meerie, I wote well why,
And some begile the housbande with finger in the eie."

80. *Sister, content you*, etc. Clarke considers Bianca "a mincing pretender to sweetness." He adds: "In these very first lines she utters, we find her, under appearance of a mild appeal to her sister, really uttering an uncharitable insinuation that Katherina will take delight in her being sent to her room—just the unkind construction that would peculiarly gall a nature like Kate's; and then she goes on to parade her excess of filial obedience and her ultra-devotion to solitary study. Artful and artificial is Bianca from first to last. She gains herself a name for gentleness of temper by making a foil out of her sister's violence of temper, and causes herself to appear charming by forming the extremest of contrasts with Katherina's conduct in all things."

87. *Mew her up*. Shut her up; as in 179 below. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 4.

11: "To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness; and see also *M. N. D.* p. 126.

92. *And for.* And because. See Gr. 151.

97. *Prefer them hither.* Send them hither for acceptance, recommend them to me. See *J. C.* p. 185, note on *Ay, if Messula will prefer me to thee.*

Cunning. Skilful, proficient; as in 183 and ii. i. 56, 80 below. Cf. the noun in ind. i. 90 above.

101. *Commune.* For the accent, see *Ham.* p. 252.

103. *Belike.* See on ind. i. 74 above. Here it is ironical, as often.

105. *Gifts.* Endowments (Malone). Cf. ind. i. 122 above.

106. *Their.* The reading of 1st and 2d folios; the 3d and 4th have "Our." Malone conjectured "Your," and the Coll. MS. has "This." If the text is right, it must mean, Malone says, "the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us." Capell explains it: "the love of father and daughter—his in admitting suit to Bianca, and hers in encouraging it." K. takes it to mean "the affection between Katherine and her father, who have been jarring throughout the scene"—the idea being that there is so little love between them that he is not likely to hold long to his resolve of finding a husband for her before he allows Bianca to wed. Clarke thinks that *their* refers to *gifts*, and that the meaning is "The love of her gifts is not so great on our parts, Hortensio, as to induce either of us to marry Katherine and enable the other to win Bianca; therefore we may bear our impatience as well as we may together." It seems to us that *so great* may be=so great a matter, so important to us.

108. *Our cake's dough.* Still a popular proverb. Cf. v. i. 125 below.

111. *Wish him to.* Commend him to. Cf. i. 2. 58 below.

113. *Parle.* Parley (with a view to come to an agreement). See *Hen. V.* p. 164.

114. *Upon advice.* Upon consideration or reflection. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6: "upon more advice;" *M. for M.* v. i. 469: "after more advice," etc. Seymour makes it=upon information or knowledge.

122. *To be.* That is, *as to be.* See Gr. 281.

128. *Had as lief.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 139.

129. *At the high cross.* That is, in the market-place, where a cross was often erected.*

135. *Have to't.* We'll at it, we'll set to it. Cf. iv. 5. 78 and v. 2. 37 below. See also *Ham.* p. 195, note on *Have after.*

136. *Happy man be his dole!* Happiness be his portion! See *W. T.* p. 155.

* Mr. J. Crosby sends us the following note: "In the little county town of Appleby (Westmoreland) where I first went to Grammar School, there are two crosses, a 'High Cross' at the upper end, and a 'Low Cross' at the lower end, of the principal street. They are columns of some 50 or 60 feet high, quite handsome, and have stood for centuries. They have steps around the base, on which the farmers congregate on market-days, with their produce for sale. They are the general places of rendezvous. Twice a year there are 'hiring-days,' when servants are re-hired, or change their places. Every Whit-Monday these servants out of places assemble at the High Cross, and there the farmers and others go to hire them; and every Martinmas day they assemble similarly at the Low Cross."

137. *The ring*. That is, the ring offered as a prize; with perhaps an allusion to the wedding-ring, as Clarke thinks. In the *Cokes Tale of Gamelyn*, one of the prizes at the wrestling-match is a ring. Douce thinks the reference is to carrying away the ring on the point of the lance in the old game of riding at the ring.

143. *Of a sudden*. The phrase occurs again in *T. A.* i. 1. 393. *On a sudden* is more common in S., but *on the sudden* is the usual form.

147. *Love in idleness*. Apparently alluding to the effect of the flower, as explained in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 168 fol.

150. *Anna*. The sister and confidante of Dido. See Virgil, *Æn.* iv.

152. *Achieve*. Cf. 175 and 215 below; and see also *M. of V.* iii. 2. 210:

"I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress," etc.

156. *Rated*. Driven away by scolding. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 193.

158. *Redime te captum*, etc. "Redeem thyself, O captive, for the least sum thou canst;" a line quoted from Terence in Lily's *Latin Grammar*, whence S. (or the writer of this part of the play) seems to have taken it, and not from the original Latin, which has "Quid agas, nisi ut te redimas captum," etc.

161. *Longly*. Schmidt makes the word="longingly, fondly;" but Halliwell quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Longuement*, longly, tediously, at length, long time, lastingly, of much continuance, a great while."

164. *The daughter of Agenor*. "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull" (Johnson).

166. *Strand*. The early eds. (except the 4th folio) have "strond." See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 139.

170. *To move*. See Gr. 349.

176. *Curst*. Shrewish. See *M. N. D.* p. 167. For the original meaning of *shrewd* (evil, mischievous), see *J. C.* p. 145.

179. *Mew'd her up*. See on 87 above.

180. *Because she will not*, etc. Apparently=because she *shall* not (Rowe changed *will* to "shall"); or, perhaps, because *in that case* she will not, etc. Sr. conjectures "*he will*."

182. *Are you not advis'd?* Do you not understand? Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 172: "You were advis'd his flesh was capable," etc.

186. *Jump*. Agree. Cf. *T. N. v.* 1. 259:

"till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump," etc.

194. *Basta*. Enough (Italian). *I have it full*=I have it completely, or exactly. See *Much Ado*, p. 121.

199. *Port*. State, appropriate style of living. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 124:

"a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance."

201. *Meaner*. That is, of *meaner* or lower rank than I am. Capell changed it to "mean."

203. *Uncase*. Undress; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 707: "Pompey is uncasing for the combat." Cf. *discase* in *Temp.* v. 1. 85 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 648.

"In Shakespeare's time the servants wore soberer-tinted clothes than their masters, the young gallants, who flaunted about in garments of bright and varied hues that might well, by contrast, be emphatically called *coloured*" (Clarke).

205. *Charm him*, etc. Cf. iv. 2. 58 below: "to charm her chattering tongue." See also *Oth.* p. 207, note on *Charm*.

207. *Sith*. Since. See *Ham.* p. 201.

220. *What 's the news?* What novelty is this? what does this mean? Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 272: "Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?" and see our ed. p. 167.

230. *I, sir! ne'er a whit*. Rowe reads "Ay, sir, ne'er," etc.; and D. "Ay, sir.—[*Aside*] Ne'er a whit!" *I* and *ay*, being both printed *I* in the time of S. (see countless instances in the extracts we have given from the *Taming of a Shrew*), are sometimes liable to be confounded; but here the old reading well enough expresses Biondello's momentary bewilderment at his fellow servant's startling metamorphosis and his master's no less startling explanation of it.

234. *After*. For the rhyme with *daughter*, cf. *W. T.* iv. i. 27, 28, and see also *Lear*, p. 193, note on 309–313.

240. *Rests*. Remains. See *A. V. L.* p. 146, or *Ham.* p. 233.

243. *The presenters above speak*. This stage-direction is found in the early eds. The *presenters* (cf. *M. N. D.* p. 156, note on *Present*) are Sly and his attendants in the balcony above. See on ind. 2. 1 above.

SCENE II.—*Enter PETRUCHIO*. We follow the folio in the spelling of the name, which was doubtless intended to indicate the pronunciation. Some editors give "Petrucio;" but, as Clarke notes, the correct Italian form would be "Petruccio."

4. *Trow*. Think, believe. See *Lear*, p. 188.

7. *Rebused*. Grumio's blunder for *abused*. Tyrwhitt innocently asks "What is the meaning of *rebused*? or is it a false print for *abused*?"

8. *Knock me*. The *me* is the "dativus ethicus." See Gr. 220.

24. *Con tutto*, etc. "With all my heart, well found, or well met" (Italian).

25. *Alla nostra*, etc. "Welcome to our house, my much honoured Signor Petruchio."

28. *What he leges in Latin*. This is, what he *alleges* in Latin. S. makes Grumio mistake the Italian for Latin, forgetting or disregarding the fact that the former was his native tongue. This ought to be plain enough, but the seeming inconsistency led Mason to endorse Tyrwhitt's preposterous emendation and explanation: "Nay, 't is no matter what *be leges* in Latin, etc.; that is, 'T is no matter what is *law*, etc." Halliwell cites, among other instances of the verb *lege*, Heywood, *Spider and Fly*, 1556: "Who that can cause him, let him lege the evill." Cf. Wb.

32. *Two-and-thirty, a pip out*. "An expression derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-thirty: to be *two-and-thirty, a pip out* was an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated" (Halliwell). *Pip* (spelt "peepe" or "peep" in the early eds.) = a spot or mark on a card. Sr. quotes Massinger, *Fatal Dowry*, ii. 2: "You think, because you

served my lady's mother [you] are thirty-two years old, which is a pip out, you know."

44. *This*. This is. All the early eds. read "this a," etc. See *Lear*, p. 246, or Gr. 461.

45. *Ancient*. Old. Cf. *Lear*, p. 202, or *W. T.* p. 189.

50. *But in a few*. But in short, but briefly. Cf. *in few* in *Temp.* i. 2. 144, 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 112, *Ham.* i. 3. 126, etc. The early eds. have "grows but in a few," which Schmidt would retain; but the editors generally adopt the pointing in the text, which is due to Hanmer.

54. *Haply*. The early eds. have "Happily," as often in this sense. See *T. N.* p. 158, or Gr. 42. The modern editors generally substitute *haply*, as here, when the word is dissyllabic.

57. *Roundly*. Directly, in a straightforward way; the only sense of the word in S. Cf. iii. 2. 208, iv. 4. 103, and v. 2. 21 below. See also *A. Y. L.* v. 3. 11: "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse?" For *round*=direct, plain, blunt, see *Hen. V.* p. 175, or *Ham.* p. 220.

58. *Wish thee to*. See on i. 1. 111 above.

67. *Florentius' love*. The allusion is to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, in which a knight named Florent binds himself to marry a deformed hag, if she will teach him how to solve a riddle on which his life depends (Steevens). Chaucer has also used the same plot in his *Wife of Bath's Tale*. It is very old, being found in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

68. *As old as Sibyl*. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 116: "If I live to be as old as Sibylla." See our ed. p. 133, and cf. *Oth.* p. 193.

69. *Xanthippe*. The only allusion in S. to the famous old shrew. The early eds. spell the name "Zentippe" or "Zantippe."

71. *As rough*, etc. K. remarks: "The Adriatic, though well landlocked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by the 'swelling Adriatic seas,' which pour over into the Lagoon."

77. *Aglet-baby*. An *aglet* (Fr. *aiguillette*) was a pin or a tag of a point or lace, and the head of it was sometimes a small figure or image. Steevens quotes *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"And all those stars that gaze upon her face
Are aglets on her sleeve-pins and her train;"

and Nares cites Ascham, *Toxophilus*: "In a brace, a man must take hede . . . that it be fast on, with laces, without agglettes." The robe of Garter King at Arms, at Lord Leicester's creation, had on the sleeves "38 paire of gold aglets" (*Prog. of Elizabeth*, 1564).

An *old trot*. Lucio calls Pompey "Trot" in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 53. Furnivall quotes R. Bernard, *Terence in English*, 1598 (ed. 1607): "See how earnest the old trot is to haue her heere; and all because she is a drunk-en gossip of hers."

78. *As two and fifty horses.* The *fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. Malone quotes *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the fifty diseases stop thee!" Cf. *Lear*, p. 226, note on *A horse's health*. In iii. 2. 47 fol. below, we have a list of some of these ailments.

85. *Faults.* The later folios have "fault." For *is* preceding a plural subject, see Gr. 335.

86. *Intolerable.* Changed by Hanmer to "intolerably;" but S. often uses adjectives in *-ble* as adverbs. Cf. Gr. I.

92. *Board her.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 149: "I would he had boarded me;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 170: "I'll board him presently," etc.

Chide. Scold; as in 222 below. Cf. *M. N. D.* pp. 145, 175.

94. *Baptista.* In *Ham.* iii. 2. 250, it is a female name. See our ed. p. 228.

102. *Give you over.* Leave you. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 11: "The visitor will not give him o'er so."

108. *Rope-tricks.* "Tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for *rhetoric*" (Schmidt). "That Grumio uses the word in its reference (and slight similarity) to *rhetoric* is obvious, from the punningly-introduced expression, *figure*, immediately afterwards" (Clarke). Steevens compares *ropery* for *roguery* in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 154 (see our ed. p. 175); and possibly there is a quibbling allusion to that word here. Hanmer changes the word to "*rhetoric*."

109. *Stand him.* "Withstand, resist him" (Steevens).

111. *Than a cat.* Some of the commentators have been puzzled by the simile; but it was probably meant to be a blundering one. Clarke, by the way, sees a play upon *cat* and *Kate*.

117. *Other more.* The early eds. have a period before these words and omit *and*. Theo. reads "others more;" but cf. *other some* in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 94, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 226, etc.

122. *Order . . . ta'en.* That is, given orders. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 177, or *Oth.* p. 206.

127. *Do me grace.* Do me a favour. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 87: "do his minions grace," etc.

130. *Well seen.* Well skilled. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 2. 35: "Well seen in every science that mote bee;" *Id.* v. 3. 5: "All sixe well-seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight," etc.

135. *Enter . . . LUCENTIO disguised.* Capell and others add "*with books under his arm*;" but we see no evidence in the text that he brings anything more than a memorandum (the *note* of 140) of the books.

138. *Stand by.* Stand back or aside; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 24, *K. John*, iv. 3. 94, etc.

139. *Proper.* Comely; ironical, as often. See *Macb.* p. 218, note on *O proper stuff*.

142. *At any hand.* At any rate, in any case; as in 222 below. So in *any hand* in *A. W.* iii. 6. 45, and *of all hands* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 219.

146. *Paper.* Changed by Pope to "papers," on account of *them* in the next line. Mr. J. Crosby suggests to us that *paper* refers to the *note* above, and *them* to the *books*; and we think he is right. No editor has

attempted to explain what the "papers" could be that were to be "perfumed" and to "go to" Bianca. We may suppose that Lucentio when he enters hands the *note* to Gremio, who reads and approves it, and then gives it back to him.

149. *Go to*. Rowe, followed by many editors, drops *to*. For the double preposition, see Gr. 407.

152. *As yourself were*. As if you were. Cf. ii. 1. 158 below. Gr. 107.

156. *Woodcock*. A popular metaphor for a fool. See *Ham.* pp. 191, 275.

160. *Trow you?* Know you? See on 4 above.

168. *Help me*. The early eds. have "help one;" corrected by Rowe.

176. *Indifferent good*. Equally good. For the adverbial *indifferent*, see *Ham.* p. 219.

185. *Say'st me so?* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 109: "Say'st thou me so?" For the *me*, cf. 8 above. Gr. 220.

186. *Antonio's*. Rowe's correction of the "Butonios" or "Butonio's" of the early eds. Cf. 52 above.

198. *Chafed with sweat*. Made furious by heat. Schmidt says that "the sweat of the boar is compared to the foam of the sea." Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 126: "And Warwick rages like a chafed bull." See also *J. C.* p. 131.

202. *Larums*. Generally printed "larums," but *larums* is the spelling in all the early eds. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 173.

204. *To th' ear*. The early eds. have "to hear;" corrected by Hanmer (at the suggestion of Warb.).

206. *Fear*. Frighten. See *M. of V.* p. 137, or *K. John*, p. 147.

Bugs. Bugbears; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 93: "The bug that you would fright me with I seek." See also *Ham.* p. 267.

209. *Ours*. The early eds. misprint "yours;" corrected by Theo. (Thirlby's conjecture).

214. *Enter TRANIO brave*. That is, "bravely apparelled," as Pope gives it. See on ind. 1. 39 above.

217. *He that has*, etc. Heath (followed by D.) gives this to *Gremio*.

220. *Her to—*. The dash is in the folio. Halliwell adopts Malone's conjecture "her to woo;" which was what Gremio was going to say if he had not been interrupted.

222. *Chides*. See on 92 above.

231. *The choice love*. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 163: "The choice and master spirits of this age," etc.

232. *That she's the chosen*, etc. That is emphatic, and *she*=woman; as in *T. and C.* i. 2. 316 (cf. 314): "That she was never yet that ever knew," etc. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 170, or Gr. 224.

239. *Leda's daughter*. Helen. See *M. N. D.* p. 180, note on *Helen's beauty*.

242. *Though Paris came*. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 104:

"and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love."

Speed=succeed. Cf. ii. 1. 295 below.

244. *A jade*. A worthless nag. See *Hen. V.* p. 170, and cf. ii. i. 200 below.

253. *Alcides*. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. i. 35, iii. 2. 55, *K. John*, ii. i. 144, etc.

255. *Whom you hearken for*. Cf. i. *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 52: "That ever said I hearken'd for your death," etc.

261. *Stead*. Help. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 7: "May you stead me?" See also *R. and J.* p. 170.

262. *Seek*. The reading of the early eds., changed by Rowe (followed by many editors) to "feat." W. retains *seek*, which surely makes tolerable sense enough. Of course S. did not write the scene.

264. *Whose hap shall be*. Whoever may have the luck.

265. *To be ingrate*. As to be ungrateful. Gr. 281.

268. *Gratify*. Requite; as in *M. of V.* iv. i. 406:

"Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him."

269. *Beholding*. Beholden. See *M. of V.* p. 135, or Gr. 372.

271. *Contrive*. Probably=spend, pass away; though Schmidt thinks it may be=lay schemes. Warb. quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 48: "Three ages, such as mortall men contrive;" and Steevens adds *Damon and Pithias*, 1571:

"In travelling countries, we three have contrived
Full many a year," etc.

272. *Quaff carouses*. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 8. 34: "And drink carouses to the next day's fate." S. uses the noun only twice.

273. *Adversaries*. That is, the advocates on opposite sides of a case.

275. *O excellent motion!* "Grumio and Biondello, in their excitement at hearing of a prospective feast, and in their eagerness to be included among its enjoyers, address the company thus, though their masters are among it" (Clarke).

277. *I shall be your ben venuto*. I will guarantee your welcome. See on 25 above.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—3. *Garuds*. Bawbles, toys. The early eds. have "goods;" corrected by Theo. See *K. John*, p. 159, or *M. N. D.* p. 126.

4. *Pull*. The misprint of "put" in the Var. of 1821 has led many modern editors astray; as Coll., Sr., H., and others.

8. *Charge thee*. The 1st folio omits *thee*.

13. *Minion*. "A pert and saucy person; originally a spoiled favourite" (Schmidt). For its use=darling, favourite, see *Mach.* p. 153, or *Temp.* p. 136.

16. *Belike*. See on ind. i. 74 above.

17. *To keep you fair*. To keep you in finery. Johnson wanted to change *fair* to "fine."

18. *Envy*. Accented on the last syllable. Gr. 490.

26. *Hilding*. Base menial; used of both sexes. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 172.

33. *I must dance barefoot*, etc. According to Grose (as quoted in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*) it was a popular superstition that "if in a family the youngest daughter should chance to be married before her elder sisters, they must all dance at her wedding without shoes; this will counteract their ill-luck and procure them husbands."

34. *Lead apes in hell*. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 43: "therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell." Halliwell cites, among many references to the superstition, Florio's definition of *Mammola* as "an old maide or sillie virgin that will lead apes in hell;" and *Churchyardes Chippes*, 1578:

"Lest virgins shoulde som surfet take,
When they lead apes in hell."

Old bachelors were supposed to be doomed to be bear-herds in the same place.

50. *Wondrous*. The Coll. MS. has "woman's."

56. *Cunning*. Skillful, expert. See on i. 1. 97 above.

65. *Like not of*. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "I am your husband if you like of me;" and see our ed. p. 171.

70. *I know him well*. Baptista has not heard of the recent death of Antonio. Clarke suggests that Gremio's interruption here was partly intended to obviate the necessity of Petruchio's repeating the circumstances of his bereavement.

73. *Baccare*. "A cant word, meaning go back; used in allusion to a proverbial saying, 'Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow,' probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without having it" (Nares). Farmer quotes Heywood, *Epigrams*:

"Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow;
Went that sow backe at that bidding, trow you?"

and again:

"Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se,
Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he."

Steevens adds, from *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, an interlude, 1567:

"Nay, hoa there, Backare, you must stand apart:
You love me best, I trow, mistresse Mary."

75. *Your wooing*. The 1st folio reads "wooing neighbors: this," etc. ("neighbours:" in later folios); corrected by Theo.

78. *Beholding*. See on i. 2. 269 above.

80. *Rheims*. Spelt "Rhemes" in the early eds.

85. *So bold to know*. That is, *as to know*. See on i. 2. 265 above.

98. *Instrument*. The lute borne by Biondello.

99. *Greek and Latin books*. K. remarks: "It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than other ladies of their city and their time. Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakespeare and the University of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education. Queen

Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and others, will at once occur to the reader's recollection in proof of this. 'Greek, Latin, and other languages,' 'the mathematics,' and 'to read philosophy,' then came as naturally as 'music' within the scope of female education. Any association of pedantry with the training of the young ladies of this play is in the prejudices of the reader, not in the mind of the poet."

110. *Orchard*. Garden. See *J. C.* p. 142, or *Much Ado*, p. 126.

111. *Passing*. See on ind. i. 66 above.

113. *Asketh*. Requires, demands; as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 27: "That will ask some tears," etc.

114. *And every day*, etc. A burden to several early English songs (Halliwell).

119. *To wife*. See *Temp.* p. 124, note on *A paragon to their queen*. Gr. 189.

123. *Her widowhood*. Her rights as a widow; the only instance of the word in S.

125. *Specialties*. "Special terms or articles of a contract" (Schmidt); as in *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 165:

"So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound."

131. *Fires*. A dissyllable. Gr. 480.

134. *Extreme*. Accented on the first syllable; as regularly in S. except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10. The superlative is always *extremest*.

137. *Speed*. Fortune, luck; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 146: "fear Of the queen's speed," etc. Cf. the verb in 275 below.

139. *To the proof*. That is, as if "armed in proof" (*Rich. III.* v. 3. 219), or in proof-armour. See *Rich. II.* p. 162.

140. *Shake*. The 1st folio has "shakes," which may be what S. wrote. Cf. Gr. 247.

141. *His head broke*. See *R. and J.* p. 147, note on *Your plantain leaf*.

144. *Soldier*. A trisyllable. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 141, etc. Gr. 479.

148. *Frets*. The "stops" of the lute. See *Ham.* p. 230, or *Much Ado*, p. 144 (note on *A lute-string*).

149. *Bow'd*. Bent, guided.

151. *Fume*. The play on *frets* is obvious.

156. *Fiddler*. A trisyllable. Gr. 477.

157. *Twangling*. Twanging. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 146: "a thousand twangling instruments." For the contemptuous use of *Jack*, see *Much Ado*, pp. 121, 164, or *R. and J.* p. 175. Cf. 282 below.

158. *As*. As if. See on i. 2. 152 above. For the inversion that follows, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 4. 35: "As were our England in reversion his," etc. Rowe (followed by many editors) reads "she had" for *had she*.

159. *It is*. For the playful or familiar use of the phrase, see *Macb.* p. 158. Oftener it is contemptuous. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 167.

Lusty. Lively, "almost = merry" (Schmidt); as in iv. 2. 50 below.

172. *Roses newly wash'd with dew*. Cf. the old play: "As glorious as the morning washt with dew;" and Milton, *L'All.* 22: "And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew."

181. *Good morrow, Kate*, etc. Cf. the old play:

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you-so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
 Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.
Kate. Was euer scene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this piace;
 Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe doo *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
 And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now, *Ferando*, what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

182. *Heard . . . hard.* "A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time as if it were written *hard*" (Malone).

188. *Dainties are all Kates.* A play on *cates*.

197. *A join'd-stool.* A joint-stool, a kind of folding chair. There is an allusion to the proverbial expression, "I took you for a joint-stool." See *Lear*, iii. 6. 54, and our ed. p. 227.

200. *No such jade*, etc. "Women were made to bear no such jade as you, if you, by women, refer to me" (Halliwell). The later folios insert "sir" after *jade*. *Sr.* reads "no such load, sir;" and *W.* "no such load." The Coll. MS. has "no such jade to bear you;" and Coll. (2d ed.) and D. read "no such jade as to bear you." Mr. J. Crosby suggests "no jade for such as you;" which seems to us the best emendation that has been proposed. For the masculine use of *jade*, cf. i. 2. 244 above.

205. *Should be! should—buzz!* There is a play on *be* and *bee*, and also on the two senses of *buzz*. For the contemptuous interjectional use of *buzz* or *buz*, see *Macb.* p. 243.

Buzzard. Clarke says: "This word is here used in its double signification of a degenerate hawk and a blockhead, dunce, or simpleton. Katherine first uses it in the latter sense; Petruchio replies, using it in the former sense; and then Katherine uses it in both senses: 'as he (a blockhead) takes a buzzard' (a worthless hawk). To take one bird for another was in proverbial use, as typifying an ignoramus. 'No more skill than take a falcon for a buzzard' occurs in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590." Johnson conjectured "*and* he takes a buzzard," that is, "he may take me for a *turtle*, and he shall find me a *hawk*." Perhaps *Kate* means both this and the other: ay, for a turtle dove, as he stupidly takes a hawk—which he will find me to be. Schmidt thinks that *buzzard* in 205 and 207 is "probably = a buzzing insect, a beetle or a fly."

206. *Turtle.* Turtle dove; the only meaning in *S.* Cf. *W. T.* p. 194.

215. *Lose your arms.* There is a play on the ordinary and the heraldic senses of *arms*.

218. *Put me in thy books.* Petruchio plays on the common meaning of the phrase = take me into thy favour (cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 79: "I see the gentleman is not in your books"), and being enrolled in the heraldic registers.

219. *A coxcomb.* Referring to the ornament on a fool's cap so called. See *Lear*, p. 186.



THE COXCOMB.

221. *Craven.* The word originally meant a vanquished knight who is compelled to beg for his life. See *Wh.* Hence it came to be applied to a beaten or cowardly cock. Steevens cites *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631: "That he will pull the craven from his nest."

223. *Crab.* That is, crab-apple. Cf. *Lear*, i. 5. 16: "She 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple." See also *M. N. D.* p. 140.

229. *Well aim'd of, etc.* Well guessed for, etc. Hamwell cites *Paisgrave*: "*I ayme, I mente or gesse to hyt a thyng.*"

236. *Passing.* See on ind. i. 66 above.

260. *Yes; keep you warm.* Alluding to the proverb, "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm." See *Much Ado*, p. 120.

264. *Greed.* Agreed. See *Wh.*

265. *Will you, nil you.* Whether you will or not. Cf. *Ham.* p. 259, note on *Nil*.

271. *A wild Kate.* There is probably a play on *Kate* and *cat*. See on i. 2. 111 above, and cf. i. 2. 192.

272. *Confirmance.* Compunct. S. uses the word only here and in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 24.

282. *Fick.* See on 157 above.

288. *Morn.* The *Coll. M.S.* has "moon;" but cf. *T. and C.* p. 279.

"Mooest as morning when the cold is past
The sun for rhymes."

289. *Crucial.* As it is so to *Grassano* the setting off of *Crucial* *Crucial* *Tale*. He tells us that he got it from *Grassano*, who was told by *Boccaccio* for it; and there is an earlier mention of the story in an old French *Fabliaux*.

303. *Vied*. "As if to outdo me" (Schmidt). The verb is always transitive in S. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 98, *Per.* iii. 1. 26, iv. prol. 33. We have *outvied*=outbid, in 379 below.

304. *In a twink*. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 43: "Ay, with a twink."

305. '*T is a world to see*. It is a wonder to see. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 38: "God help us! It is a world to see." See our ed. p. 151. Halliwell quotes Yates, *Chariot of Chastitie*, 1582:

"But, Lord, it is a world to see, how foolish fickle youth
Accompts the schoole a purgatorie, a place of paine and ruth."

307. *Meacock*. Spiritless, timorous; used by S. nowhere else. Nares quotes *Mirror for Magistrates*: "A meacocke is he who dreads to see bloud shed;" Lyly, *Euphues*: "If I refuse their courtesie, I shall be accounted a mecocke, a milksop, taunted and retaunted;" and Churchyard, *Worthies of Wales*: "Let us therefore give the charge, and oncert upon yonder effeminate and meycocke people." Cotgrave (cited by Furnivall) defines *Coquefredouille* as "A meacocke, milkesop, sneaksbie, worthless fellow."

308. *Unto Venice*, etc. K. remarks: "If S. had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realizing in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Any educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The 'cypress chests,' and 'ivory coffers,' rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of 'Tyrian tapestry,' to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The 'plate and gold' are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with every thing sooner than their pictures. The 'tents and canopies,' and 'Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,' now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury.

"Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewelry, especially its fine works in gold. 'Venice gold' was wrought into 'valence'—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain—the shell necklaces, the jewelled rings and tiaras, and the profusion of gold chains."

317. *We will have rings*, etc. "Parts of these lines read as if from a ballad. If any such be in print, it has never been pointed out by the commentators; but the following, from the recitation of an old lady, who

heard it from her mother (then forty), at least sixty years ago, bears a strong resemblance to what Petruchio seems to quote:

‘To church away!
We will have rings
And fine array,
With other things,
Against the day,
For I’m to be married o’ Sunday.’

There are other ballads with the same burden, but none so nearly in the words of Petruchio” (Coll.).

318. *We will be married o’ Sunday.* The burden of several popular songs; as in *Ralph Roister Doister*, 1566:

“I mun be married a Sunday;
I mun be married a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.”

319. *Clapp’d up.* Cf. *K. John*, iii. i. 235: “To clap this royal bargain up;” and see our ed. p. 155.

321. *Mart.* Bargain (Schmidt). In *Ham.* i. i. 93 the quartos have “comart”=the “cou’nant” (covenant) of the folios.

322. *Fretting.* Getting shop-worn; with probably a play on the word. Cf. i *Hen. IV.* p. 159, note on *Frets like a gummed velvet.*

333. *Skipper.* Used contemptuously, like *skipping* in i *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 60: “The skipping king, he ambled up and down.” See our ed. p. 179.

335. *Content you.* Compose yourselves, keep your temper. Cf. i. i. 90 above.

342. *Basins and ewers.* “These were articles formerly of great account. They were usually of silver, and probably their fashion was much attended to, because they were regularly exhibited to the guests before and after dinner, it being the custom to wash the hands at both those times” (V.). See on iv. i. 137 below.

345. *Arras counterpoints.* Tapestry counterpanes; so called because composed of contrasted *points*, or panes, of various colours. Wat Tyler’s men were charged with having destroyed at the Savoy (see *Rich. II.* p. 156) a counterpane worth a thousand marks. Cf. the old play:

“Arabian silkes,
Rich affrick spices Arras counter pienes
Muske Cassia: sweet smelling Ambergreece,
Pearle, curroll, christall, iett and iuorie.”

For *arras*, cf. *Ham.* p. 204.

346. *Tents and canopies.* Probably=hangings for beds. Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, refers to a “canapy that hangeth about beddes, to keepe away gnattes;” and in the inventory of goods at Kenilworth Castle, 1588, we find “a canapie bedsted of wainscott, the canapie of green sarsenett, buttoned, tasselled, and fringed with green silke.”

347. *Boss’d.* Embossed, studded.

349. *Pewter.* Pewter was costly in the olden time. From the *North-umberland Household Book*, 1512, it appears that vessels of pewter were hired by the year.

354. *Struck in years.* Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 92: "well struck in years." See also *Gen.* xviii. 11, xxiv. 1, *Luke*, i. 7, etc.

361. *Pisa walls.* Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 17: "Verona walls;" *J. C.* v. 5. 19: "Philippi fields," etc.

367. *Not to.* Changed by Warb. to "but to." St. conjectures "yet to."

368. *Argosy.* A large merchant-ship. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 9, i. 3. 18, iii. 1. 105, etc. See also cut on p. 71 above.

369. *Marseilles road.* Generally printed "Marseilles' road;" but cf. *Pisa walls* just above. The first folio has "Marcellus," the later folios "Marsellis." The word is evidently a trisyllable; as in *A. W.* iv. 4. 9, the only other instance in which S. has it in verse.

372. *Gallieses.* Large galleys; used by S. only here.

381. *The assurance.* That is, the legal settlement; as in 390, iii. 2. 128, iv. 2. 117, and iv. 4. 49, 90 below.

394. *Gamester.* For the contemptuous use, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 170: "Now will I stir this gamester. Steevens quotes *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 45: "You are a merry gamester, my lord Sands."

396. *A toy!* Nonsense! Cf. *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard."

399. *I have fac'd it with a card of ten.* I have played the best card. Warb. quotes Skelton: "And so outface him with a card of ten;" and Steevens adds from *Law-Tricks*, 1608: "I may be outfaced with a card of ten."

404. *Wooring.* The Coll. MS. has "winning." Steevens conjectures "doing" for *cunning* in the next line.

At the end of this scene Pope inserts an adaptation of the following from the old play:

Then *Stie* speaks.

Stie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Stie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres

The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

Stie. Here *Sim,* I drinke to thee.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—10. *To know.* As to know. See on i. 1. 122 above.

12. *Pain.* Toil, effort. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 224: "with more than with a common pain," etc.

15. *These braves.* This bullying. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 123: "the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks."

18. *Breeching scholar.* Schoolboy to be whipped. Steevens quotes Marlowe, *Edward II.*: "Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy;" and Amends for *Ladies*, 1618: "If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have breeched him." Halliwell cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Avoir la salle*, to be whipt in publicke, as breeching boyes are sometimes in the halls of colledges."

19. *Pointed.* Appointed; commonly printed "'pointed;" but see Wb.

Cf. iii. 2. 1, 15 below; also Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 8. 51: "So twixt themselves they pointed time and place;" and *Id.* iv. 12. 11:

"But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free!"

22. *Whiles*. Used by S. interchangeably with *while*. Gr. 137.

23. *Hic ibat*, etc. From Ovid's *Epist. Heroid.* i. 33.

36. *Pantaloön*. "An old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 158: "the lean and slipper'd pantaloön;" and see our ed. p. 167.

40. *Now let me see*, etc. "Here we see Bianca in her true colours. No sooner is she out of sight of her father than she drops the coating of demure paint which she wears in public to obtain the reputation of 'beauteous modesty,' and in private behaves like the imperious coquette which she truly is. She begins by telling her masters that she will 'learn my lessons as I please myself;' orders one aside while she listens to the other; and no sooner discovers that he is not a teacher, but a lover in disguise, than she falls into his plan of addressing her clandestinely, follows his lead in making the lesson a pretence for discussing his suit, and shows herself to be a thoroughly sly, artful girl. S. has drawn her consistently throughout" (Clarke). See on i. 1. 80 above.

46. *How fiery*, etc. The early eds. give this and the next two lines to "*Luc.*" They also assign the next speech but one (50) to "*Bian.*," and the next (52) to "*Hort.*" These errors were corrected by Rowe and Pope.

48. *Pedascule*. Warb. believes that S. coined this word from *pedant*. Steevens thinks "it is more probable that it lay in his way and he found it." However that may be, no other instance of it has been pointed out.

50. *For sure, Æacides*, etc. "Said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to listen" (Steevens).

60. *But*. Unless. Gr. 120.

75. *Clef*. "Cliffe" or "cliff" in the early eds.

79. *Change*. The 1st folio has "charge," and "old" for *odd*. The former was corrected in the 2d folio, the latter by Theo. Rowe (2d ed.) reads "new" for *odd*.

80. For *Servant* the early eds. prefix to the speech "*Nicke.*" or "*Nick.*" Steevens takes this to mean *Nicholas Tooley*, an actor. See on ind. i. 86 above.

88. *To cast. As to cast*. Cf. 10 above.

Stale. Decoy, bait; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 187:

"The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves."

89. *Seize thee that list*. Let them take thee that will.

90. *Quit with thee*. Even with thee. Cf. *quit of* in *Cor.* iv. 5. 89: "To be full quit of those my banishers."

SCENE II.—I. *Pointed*. See on iii. 1. 19 above.

10. *Rudesby*. Rude fellow; as in *T. N.* iv. 1. 55: "Rudesby, begone!" Cf. "sneaksbie" in the quotation from Cotgrave, note on ii. 1. 307 above.

Spleen=caprice, waywardness. See *1 Hen. IV.* p. 161.

12. *I told you, I.* For the repetition of *I*, see *R. and 7.* p. 180.

16. *Make feasts*, etc. The 1st folio reads: "Make friends, inuite, and proclaim the banes;" the 2d adds "yes" after *invite*, to fill out the measure. "Them," "guests," etc., have also been suggested. *W.* reads "invited;" and Bulloch proposes "*bid* proclaim." The emendation in the text is an anonymous one, made independently by *D.*

28. *Very*. Omitted in the later folios, and in some modern eds.

30. *Old news*. Rare news, rich news. For this colloquial *old*, see *Mach.* p. 197, or *Much Ado*, p. 169, note on *Yonder's old coil*. The early eds. omit "old" (reading "news, and such news"), but Baptista's question shows that it belongs in the speech. The Coll. MS. puts it after *such*.

44. *Candle-cases*. "Boots that have been used as recipients for candle-ends, and now are retaken into use as riding-boots" (Clarke).

46. *Chapeless*. The *chape* (cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 164) was "the metal part at the end of the scabbard" (Schmidt); or the "hook" on it, as others say.

Broken points. The *points* were the tagged strings or laces used in fastening parts of the dress, especially the breeches. Cf. the quibble in *T. N.* i. 5. 25:

"*Clown*. . . . I am resolved on two points.

Maria. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall;"

and in *1 Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 238:

"*Falstaff*. Their points being broken,—
Poins. Down fell their hose."

See also *W. T.* p. 196.

Hipped. "Perhaps covered on or down to the hips" (Schmidt). The old eds. have "hip'd;" and the Coll. MS. reads "heaped."

48. *To mose in the chine*. "A disorder in horses, by some called mourning in the chine" (Nares). Hanmer changed *mose* to "mourn."

49. *Lampass*. A morbid excrescence above the teeth. *Fashions* (corrupted from *farcins*)=farcy.

50. *Rayed*=dirtied, defiled; as in iv. 1. 3 below.

51. *Fives=vives*, an inflammation of the parotid gland.

Begnawn. Gnawed. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 222: "The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!" The participle *gnawn* occurs in *M. W.* ii. 2. 307.

52. *Shoulder-shotten*. Sprained in the shoulder. *Near-legged*=knock-kneed (Schmidt).

Half-checked "seems to mean a bit that but half does its duty of checking the horse" (Clarke).

57. *Velure*. Velvet (Fr. *velours*).

61. *Stock*. Stocking. See *T. N.* p. 126.

62. *Boot-hose*. Cotgrave has "*Triguehouse*, a boot-hose, or a thicke hose worne instead of a boot;" but Halliwell says the word meant "stockings suited to wear with boots." He cites Hollyband, *French Littleton*, 1609: "Pull off first my booties; make them cleane; and then put my boot-hosen and my spurres therein; give me my slippers."

63. *The humour of forty fancies*. Probably, as Steevens suggests, the title of a collection of ballads; the book being rolled up and stuck in the

hat instead of a plume. For *pricked in*=stuck in, or pinned in, Malone compares Bacon, *Essay* 18: "And let it appeare, that he doth not change his Country Manners, for those of Forraigne Parts; But onely, prick in some Flowers, of that he hath Learned abroad, into the Customes of his owne Country."

66. *Pricks*. Incites. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 176.

80. *Enter* PETRUCHIO. Cf. the old play:

Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. Godmorow father, *Polidor* well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

Alfon. I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarce haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie things I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.

Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.

Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adorn'd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made chose to weare.

Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

101. *Enforced to digress*. Compelled to deviate from my promise (Johnson). Cf. ii. 1. 317 above. "He means that to disappoint Katherine of promised finery is part of his taming scheme; and that when hereafter he shall explain this, they will all be well 'satisfied withal'" (Clarke).

106. *Unreverent*. Used by S. interchangeably with *unreuerend*. See *K. John*, p. 137.

117. *Lovely*. The Coll. MS. has "loving," which is a very plausible emendation.

122. *But to her love*. The early eds. read "But sir, Loue," etc. Tyr-whitt conjectured "But, sir, to her love." The Coll. MS. has "But to our love;" and K. reads "But, sir, to love." The emendation in the text is due to W. and is adopted by the Camb. editors.

126. *Skills*. Signifies, matters. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 295: "so it skills not much when they are delivered;" and *2 Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 281: "It skills not greatly."

134. *Steal our marriage.* Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 233: "their stolen marriage-day." *Marriage* is here a trisyllable; as in *R. of L.* 221, where it rhymes with *rage* and *sage*. See also *M. of V.* ii. 9. 13, 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 55, etc. Gr. 479.

141. *Quaint.* Fine; ironical. Cf. iv. 3. 102 below.

144. *As willingly,* etc. A proverbial saying, found in Ray's collection (Steevens).

145. *Is.* Changed by Hanmer to "are." See Gr. 336.

146. *Groom.* There is a play upon the word.

150. *The devil's dam.* Cf. i. i. 105. See also *K. John*, ii. i. 128, *Oth.* iv. i. 153, etc.

153. *Should ask.* Changed by Hanmer to "Did ask." Cf. Gr. 324.

154. *By gogs-wounds.* A corruption of *By God's wounds*, like 's wounds and wounds (see *Ham.* p. 214).

157. *Took him such a cuff.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 75: "And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?" *Hen. V.* iv. i. 231: "I will take thee a box on the ear," etc.

165. *Carousing to.* Drinking healths to. Cf. 219 below. See also *Ham.* v. 2. 300: "The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet," etc.

Steevens shows by many quotations from contemporaneous writers that the old custom of drinking wine immediately after the marriage ceremony was kept up in the time of S. Cf. *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: "The muscadine stays for the bride at church," etc. The *sops* were cakes or wafers dipped in the wine. Farmer quotes a wedding canzonet, set to music by Merley, 1606: "Sops in wine, spice-cakes are a-dealing," etc.

169. *Hungerly.* As if starved. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 105: "They eat us hungerly," etc. *Hungrily* is not found in S.

172. *Kiss'd her lips.* This was also part of the marriage ceremony. Malone cites the *Manuale Sarum*, 1533: "Surgunt ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, *osculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa." Steevens adds from Marston, *Insatiate Countess*: "The kiss thou gav'st me in the church, here take."

186. *Entreat me rather go,* etc. For the ellipsis of *to*, see Gr. 349.

198. *Horse.* Sometimes used for the plural; as perhaps in ind. i. 60. Cf. *Sonn.* 91. 4: "Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse" (rhyming with "force"); 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 5. 31: "Or horse or oxen from the leopard," etc. See also *Macb.* p. 204. Gr. 471.

199. *The oats have eaten the horses.* Probably meant to be a blundering inversion, like Launcelot's "You may tell every finger I have with my ribs" in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 114; but the critics have tried to find a subtle significance in it. Steevens thinks it means that the horses are not worth the oats they have eaten.

205. *Whiles your boots are green.* That is, while they are freshly greased (Clarke). Perhaps *green* is simply=fresh, new; and the expression may have been proverbial.

208. *Roundly.* Bluntly, unceremoniously. See on i. 2. 57 above.

218. *Domineer.* Indulge yourselves without restraint (Schmidt). The

word was often used of riotous revelling. Halliwell cites *Tarlton's Jests*: "Tarlton having been domineering very late with one of his friends;" and Taylor, *Workes*, 1630:

"One man 's addicted to blaspheme and swear,
A second to carowse and domineere."

219. *Maidenhead*. Maidenhood. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 175, or *R. and J.* p. 150.

222. *Look not big*. That is, angrily or threateningly. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 113: "if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run," etc.

225. *My barn*. To fill out the measure, Capell added "my stable." The Camb. editors conjecture "my garner."

226. *My any thing*. An allusion to *Exodus*, xx. 17; and Halliwell cites several parallel ones in writers of the time.

228. *He*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 414: "I am that he, that unfortunate he," etc. Gr. 224.

233. *Buckler*. Shield, defend. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 216: "But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 99: "Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree."

239. *Is Kated*. Has got a Kate; with possibly a play on *cat*, as Schmidt suggests. See on ii. 1. 271 above.

240. *Wants*. Are wanting; changed by Pope to "want." See on 145 above. In 242 Pope makes no change in *wants*, but W. does. See Gr. 335.

242. *Junkets*. Dainties, good things; the only instance of the word in S. Halliwell quotes Hollyband, *Fr. Dict.*, 1593: "*Dragée*, junkets, comfites;" and *Witts Recreations*, 1654:

"Tarts and custards, cream and cakes,
Are the junkets still at wakes."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—3. *Rayed*. Soiled, dirtied; that is by the *foul ways*, or bad roads. Cf. iii. 2. 50 above.

5. *A little pot*, etc. Alluding to the proverb "A little pot is soon hot." Steevens cites *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606: "Though I be but a little pot, I shall be as soon hot as another."

9. *Taller*. As Clarke notes, there is a play on the other sense of the word = stout. See *T. N.* p. 123, and cf. iv. 4. 17 below.

16. *Cast on no water*. Alluding to the old catch:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth!
Fire, fire, fire, fire!
Cast on water, cast on water!"

23. *I am no beast*. Grumio has said "winter tames man, woman, and *beast*"; for it hath tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself*," and then he adds "*fellow* Curtis;" which Curtis takes as Rosalind (*A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 49) pretends to take Phebe's compliment: "Meaning *me* a *beast*."

26. *On*. Often=of. See Gr. 181.

35. *Jack, boy! ho! boy!* The beginning of an old catch, the words and music of which are given in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609. It runs thus :

"Jacke boy, ho boy, Newes :
The cat is in the well ;
Let us sing now for her knell
Ding dong, ding dong, bell!"

Of course the word *news* suggests it to Grumio.

37. *Cony-catching*. Commonly=cheating (as in v. 1. 86 below, and in *M. W. i. 1. 108, i. 3. 36*), but here apparently=trickery or foolery.

40. *Rushes strewed*. Referring to the old custom of strewing floors with rushes. Cf. *Rich. II. i. 3. 289*: "the presence strew'd;" and see our ed. p. 167.

42. *Be the jacks*, etc. Warb. explains this: "Are the drinking-vessels clean, and the maid-servants dressed?" But, as Steevens notes, there is a play upon both *jacks* and *jills*, which mean two kinds of vessels for drinking, as well as men and maid servants. "The *jacks*, being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas the *jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather." For the personal use of *Jack* and *Jill*, cf. *M. V. D. iii. 2. 461*: "Jack shall have Jill;" and see our ed. p. 171.

43. *Carpets*. Probably here = table-covers, as Malone and Clarke explain it. Halliwell cites an inventory of 1590 among the Stratford-on-Avon MSS.: "A carpet for a table;" and Melton, *Astrologaster*, 1620: "a square table covered with a greene carpet." Carpets were also used for window-seats, but were "very seldom placed on the floor except to kneel upon or for special purposes." Cf. the figure in *Rich. II. iii. 3. 50*: "Upon the grassy carpet of this plain." *Carpet-monger*, in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 32, means one who is at home on carpets, or among ladies.

55. *Sensible*. There is a play upon the word; as in *C. of E. iv. 4. 27*: "Thou art sensible in nothing but blows," etc.

59. *Of*. Equivalent to *on*, as *on* to *of* in 26 above. Gr. 175.

65. *Bemoiled*. Bemired, bedraggled; used by S. only here.

69. *Burst*. Broken. See on ind. 1. 7 above.

73. *Shrew*. The word was "anciently applicable to either sex," as Steevens says. Halliwell quotes Palsgrave: "Schrewe, an yvell man, *maulvais*: schrewe, an yvell woman, *maulvaise*." This, however, is not needed to explain the rhetorical use of the word here. We might say the same thing nowadays.

77. *Slickly*. The early eds. have "slickely" or "slickly," which we still hear in New England. The common reading is "sleekly."

78. *Blue coats*. The dress of common serving-men. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI. i. 4. 47*: "Blue coats to tawny coats" (the latter being the distinctive garb of the retainers of ecclesiastical dignitaries).

Of an indifferent knit. Johnson and Steevens explain *indifferent* as "not different;" that is, the garters are to be matched, not odd ones. Schmidt makes the word = "ordinary, common, neither striking nor shocking." Halliwell also makes it = "of the ordinary tie, not looped

too conspicuously;" which he shows to have been one of the fashionable affectations of the time. He notes, incidentally, that mottoes were sometimes put upon garters; and quotes *The Welsh Leviite*, 1691: "Our garters, bellows, and warming-pans weare Godly mottos."

79. *Curtsey with their left legs*. "Make their bows with their left legs stuck out" (Clarke). For *curtsey* used of men, see *Much Ado*, p. 159, or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 162.

85. *Countenance*. Here="grace, honour" (Schmidt). So *credit* in 90 =do honour to.

98. *Spruce*. The word originally had no contemptuous or disparaging sense. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 985: "the spruce and jocund Spring." But in the only other instances in which S. uses it (*L. L. L.* v. i. 14, v. 2. 406) it carries with it the idea of affectation.

102. *Cock's*. A common corruption or rather disguise of the name of God. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 195, note on *By cock and pie*.

103. *Where be these knaves?* Cf. the old play:

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*: where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vpon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.

Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say: yet againe.

He beates them all.

They cover the bord and fetch in the meate.

Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?

Wul. Forsouth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.

Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

San. I forsooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*

Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was married.

Wul. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

112. *Malt-horse*. A brewer's horse; used as a term of contempt. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 32: "Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!" See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 182, note on *A brewer's horse*.

116. *Unpink'd*. "Not pierced with eyelet-holes" (Schmidt *et al.*); but the holes or *pinkings* were probably for mere ornament, not for holding strings. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 50: "her pinked porringer" (that is, bonnet), where some such mode of ornamentation seems to be meant.

117. *No link to colour Peter's hat*. A *link* was a pitch torch; and old black hats that had become rusty were sometimes rejuvenated in a rough way by smoking them with a link. Steevens cites Greene, *Mihil Mumchance*: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon

dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the smoake of an old linke."

118. *Sheathing*. That is, having a new sheath made for it.

119. *Fine*. Trim, in proper livery.

123. *Where is the life*, etc. A scrap of an old song, quoted also by Pistol in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 146.

125. *Soud*. Johnson explains the word as "sweet," but Malone is probably right in considering it "a word coined by the poet to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued." Halliwell thinks it is part of the burden of an old song.

126. *Why, when, I say?* A common expression of impatience. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 5: "When, Lucius, when? awake, I say!" See also *Temp.* p. 119, note on *Come, thou tortoise! when?*

128. *It was the friar*, etc. A bit of another old song or ballad now lost. Bishop Percy's *The Friar of Orders Grey* is made up of this and other lyrical fragments scattered through the plays of S.

134. *My cousin Ferdinand*. "This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Catherine a hint that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus" (Steevens). But as cousin Ferdinand does not obey, it is difficult to see how Kate was to profit by the "hint."

137. *Wash*. It was the custom to wash the hands before and after eating. It will be recollected that knives and forks, especially the latter, were only beginning to be used at table in that day. S. does not mention forks, and Ben Jonson refers to them as a luxury of recent introduction. See *The Devil is an Ass*, v. 3:

"Sledge. Forks? what be they?
Meercraft. The laudable use of forks
 Brought into custom, as they are in Italy,
 To the sparing of napkins;"

and *Volpone*, iv. 1:

"Then must you learn the use
 And handling of your silver fork at meals,
 The metal of your glass (these are main matters
 With your Italian); and to know the hour
 When you must eat your melons and your figs."

B. and F. (*Queen of Corinth*, iv. 1) refer contemptuously to "the fork-carving traveller." Coryat, in his *Crudities*, 1611, notes it as a curious fact that "the Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe always at their meales use a little forke when they eat their meate;" and he says that a friend of his called him "a table *furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding." Cf. note on ii. 1. 342 above.

138. *Will you let it fall?* Capell and some other editors assume that the servant has let the ewer fall; but, as Coll. notes, the question does not imply this, but only that he holds the vessel awry or spills some of the water.

139. *Patience*, etc. "This little speech of Katherine's affords an evidence of what, to our minds, S. subtly conveys in the drawing of her character—that she is not intrinsically of so bad a nature as she is generally

supposed to be. Her first word in deprecation of her husband's violence is not a complaint for herself, but is uttered on behalf of *another*—a servant. Moreover, she finds that he does not treat *her* roughly, but does all avowedly *for her sake*; also, while rating and raving at others, he addresses her as *good, sweet Kate* and *sweet Kate*; thus maintaining the impression of his personal regard and consideration for her amid all his general turbulence. The fact is, that Petruchio practically shows Katherine how ugly violent temper is in its manifestations; and she has the sense to read the lesson, and take its teaching home" (Clarke). It may be added that none of these delicate touches are to be found in the old play; they are Shakespeare's own, like so many others that might be noted as raising the composition to a higher dramatic plane—though it was better than the average of its time before he retouched it. Cf. the extract from V., p. 17 above.

141. *I know you have a stomach.* Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, there is a sly play on *stomach*, which meant choler as well as appetite. Cf. the quibble in *M. of V.* iii. 5. 92; and see v. 2. 176 below.

149. *Joltheads.* Blockheads; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 290; "Fie on thee, joltthead!" *Unmanner'd* occurs again in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 39.

151. *Disquiet.* The only instance of the adjective in S. *Disquietly* occurs in *Leqr.* i. 2. 124.

155. *Engenders choler.* Meat overdone or burnt was believed to have this effect. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 60:

"*Antipholus.* Well, sir, then it will be dry.

Dromio. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Antipholus. Your reason?

Dromio. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting."

See also on iv. 3. 25 below.

156. *Both of us.* Clarke remarks: "Be it observed that Petruchio—or rather S. through him—well knew the magic power of the little words 'both of us,' 'ourselves,' 'we,' in a husband's mouth to a wife, or in a wife's to a husband. Likewise, by the kindly ingenuity of making Kate's special fault his own as well as hers, in this admission that they both would do well to try and avoid those things that tend to foster it, Petruchio adopts one of the best means of leading to its cure, and of inducing her to join him in effecting this. Surely Shakespeare's subtlety was one of his finest characteristics, so essentially does he manifest it in his moral delineations."

161. *Bring.* Accompany, escort. See *Hen. V.* p. 158.

167. *That.* So that; as often. Gr. 283.

174. *Stoop.* Yield, submit; with a reference to its technical sense in falconry of coming down on the prey. A hawk overfed was considered untractable. Steevens quotes *The Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604:

"And like a hooded hawk, gorg'd with vain pleasures,
At random flies, and wots not where he is;"

and *The Book of Haukyng*: "ye shall say your hauke is full-gorged, and not cropped." The *lure* was a stuffed bird used in training the hawk to return after it had flown.

176. *To man my haggard.* To tame my wild hawk. Cf. the use of *unmann'd* in *R. and J.* iii. 2. 14: "Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks;" and see our ed. p. 185. For *haggard*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 36:

"I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock;"

and see our ed. p. 140. Halliwell quotes Greene, *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

"Silver doves that wanton Venus mann'th upon her fist."

178. *To watch her.* To keep her from sleep. *Watch* in this sense was a term in falconry. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 45: "you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?" and *Oth.* iii. 3. 23: "I'll watch him tame" (see our ed. p. 182).

179. *Bate.* Another term in falconry = flutter, or flap the wings. See the quotation from *R. and J.* just above; and cf. *Hen. V.* p. 170, note on 'T is a hooded valour, etc. The word was also spelt *bait*. *Beat* here seems to be a mere repetition of *bate*, as Schmidt explains it.

186. *Hurly.* Hurlyburly, tumult. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 25: "That with the hurly death itself awakes," etc.

Intend = pretend; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 35: "intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio;" and see our ed. p. 135.

191. *To kill a wife with kindness.* A familiar expression, which suggested the title of Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (Clarke).

193. *Shrew.* For the rhyme, see on v. 2. 188 below.

SCENE II.—3. *Bears me fair in hand.* Gives me fair encouragement, flatters me with false hopes. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 42: "to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!" See also *Macb.* p. 208.

11. *Proceeders.* Malone says: "Perhaps here an equivocal was intended. To proceed Master of Arts, etc., is the academical term." S. uses the word nowhere else.

14. *Unconstant.* S. uses the word several times, but *inconstant* oftener. See *K. John*, p. 156.

20. *Cullion.* A mean fellow. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 22: "avaunt, you cullions!" Malone cites Florio: "*Coglione*, a cuglion, a gull, a meacock" (see on ii. 1. 307 above).

31. *Her.* The 1st and 2d folios have "them;" corrected in 3d folio.

34. *Beastly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are often used adverbially. Gr. 1.

39. *Haggard.* See on iv. 1. 176 above.

45. *Longeth.* Belongeth; but not to be printed as a contraction of that word. See Schmidt or Wb. Cf. iv. 4. 7 below.

54. *The taming-school.* Cf. the old play:

Val. . . .

But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,

And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.

Vale. He saies so.

Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Vale. The taming schoole; why is there such a place?

Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

57. *Eleven and twenty.* "An allusion to the game of *one-and-thirty*" (Clarke). See on i. 2. 32 above. Douce takes it to be = eleven score.

58. *Charm her chattering tongue.* See on i. 1. 205 above.

60. *Dog-weary.* "Tired as a dog," as the vulgar saying still is. For these canine similes, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 156, note on *Dank as a dog*.

61. *An ancient angel.* An "ill angel" (2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 186) for the critics, who have been at their wits' ends to suggest emendations; as, for instance, "engle" (= gull), "gentle" or "gentleman," "morsel," "ambler" (Coll. MS.), "antick," "uncle," etc. It may have been a sort of cant term for a good old soul. Cotgrave translates *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "An old angell; and, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp." If we do not accept this explanation, we may perhaps assume that Biondello, after being so long on the watch, welcomes the old fellow as a heaven-sent messenger. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 27:

"yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came," etc.

In the troublesome passage in *K. John*, v. 2. 64 ("And even there, methinks, an angel spake"), the reference seems to be to the unexpected but opportune appearance of "the holy legate."

63. *Mercatante.* Merchant (Italian). It is spelt "Marcantant" in the early eds.

Pedant = schoolmaster; as in *T. N.* iii. 2. 80: "a pedant that keeps a school i' the church," etc. Cf. iii. 1. 4, 46, 85 above. Florio defines the Italian *pedante* as "a pedante or a schoole-master."

71. *Take in.* The early eds. have "Take me;" corrected by Theo. The 1st folio prefixes "*Par.*" to the line, as if it were a separate speech.

80. *That goes hard.* That is bad. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 2: "When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard." See also 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 77.

95. *Fisa, renowned,* etc. A repetition of i. 1. 10 above.

101. *And all one.* Perhaps = and no matter what (Schmidt). The expressions *all is one, it's all one, all's one for that*, etc. (= it is all the same, it does not matter) occur often in S.

106. *Undertake.* Assume.

117. *To pass assurance.* In the legal sense of making a conveyance or settlement. See on ii. 1. 381 above.

SCENE III.—*Enter KATHERINA*, etc. Cf. the old play:

Enter Sander and his Mistres.

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselve giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.

San. You say true indeed: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peece of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that

I doubt the mustard is too cholerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke,
and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keep you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.

San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers point, and *Polidor*
with him.

Feran. Se here *Kate* I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankses,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankfull for the next you haue.

Kate. Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hence I say.

San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;

Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree.

Ex Omnes.

5. *Present.* Immediate; as in 14 below. Cf. *W. T.* p. 173.

13. *As who should say.* As if to say. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 93, i. 2. 51,
Rich. II. v. 4. 8, *Mach.* iii. 6. 42, etc.

25. *Too hot.* In *The Glass of Humours*, quoted by Reed, a cholerick
man is advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from must-
tard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," etc.
See on iv. 1. 155 above.

36. *Sweeting.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 43: "Trip no further, pretty sweeting;"
and *Oth.* ii. 3. 252: "All's well now, sweeting."

Amort. Dejected, dispirited. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 124: "What, all
amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief," etc.

43. *Is sorted to no proof.* Proves to be to no purpose. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.*

iv. 3. 98: "There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof" (that is, prove to be worth anything). For *sort*=choose, select, see *R. and J.* p. 204, or *Rich. III.* p. 203 (see also p. 204 for *sort*=ordain).

47. *I thank you, sir.* "This, and her previous *I pray you, let it stand*, excellently depict the half-sullen, half-passive condition that comes as a reaction after Katherine's late relapse into an outburst of petulance and wrath. She is somewhat ashamed of having been betrayed into it; the more from finding that her husband himself brings her the food she hungers for. Then follows another outbreak, upon the trial to womanly patience at hearing well-fashioned attire disparaged by masculine ignorance in such matters; but even this subsides before the absurdity as well as violence of his pretending not to hear her, and flying out at the haberdasher and tailor; and it is her last exhibition of temper. She perceives her mistake, and, like a sensible woman, sets about her own cure by thenceforth maintaining a strict guard over herself. The gradual as well as quietly indicated way in which this is done bears witness to Shakespeare's skill in mental delineation; and, indeed, his mode of depicting the process of moral reform in certain of his characters is one of his most wondrous masteries" (Clarke).

52. *Honey.* For the adjective use, cf. *R. and J.* p. 177, note on *Honey nurse*.

56. *Fardingales.* Farthingales, or hoops. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 51: "What compass will you wear your farthingale?" *W. T.* iii. 3. 69: "a semi-circled farthingale," etc.

Things. Johnson thus laments over the word: "Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement." Of course the word is used either with a slight touch of masculine contempt (like *knavery* just below) or as a reminiscence of some song. See on ii. 1. 317 above.

57. *Bravery.* Finery. See on ind. i. 39 above; and cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 165.

60. *Ruffling.* Probably=rustling, as Schmidt explains it (cf. *Lea*, p. 214); or perhaps=ruffled, as Malone suggests, though he prefers the other interpretation. Pope changed it to "rustling."

61. *Come, tailor,* etc. Cf. the old play:

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander*.

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.

Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?

Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.

Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

She sets it one hir head.

Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.

Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee

To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.

Feran. Let me see it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iaggas.
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.

Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.
You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirra *Taylor* reade the note.

Taylor. Item. a faire round compast cape.

San. I thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.

San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.

Feran. Well sir goe forward.

Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,

Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,

With bottome of browne thred.

Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.

Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued

Many men: braue not me.

Thou'st faste many men.

Taylor. Well sir.

San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.

At thy handes I can tell thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,

Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I

And if you do not like it hide your eies,

I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.

San. Souns villaine not for thy life, touch it not,

Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his

Maisters vse?

Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.

San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my
mistris gowne

To his maisters vse?

Feran. *Taylor* come hether; for this time take it

Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Taylor. I thanke you sir.

Exit Taylor.

Feran. Come *Kate* we now will go see thy fathers house

Euen in these honest meane abilliments,

Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,

To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,

And thats inough, what should we care for more

Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,

And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there

The morning is well vp lets hast away,

It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two

In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.

Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.

Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.

Feran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,

Come backe againe we will not go to day.

Nothing but crossing of me still,

Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go.

Exeunt Omnes.

62. *The gown.* Women's gowns were usually made by men in the time of S. Malone quotes the "Epistle to the Ladies" prefixed to Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: "If a taylor make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher," etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 161, where Feeble says that his "trade" is "a woman's tailor;" and see our ed. p. 177.

63. *Here is the cap,* etc. In the early eds. the speech has the prefix "*Fel.*," which is either the abbreviation of some actor's name, or, as Coll. suggests, of "Fellow"—a term commonly applied to actors.

64. *Porringer.* The only other instance of the word in S. is the one quoted in the note on iv. i. 116 above.

65. *A velvet dish.* Halliwell notes that the same expression occurs in the *Returne from Pernassus*, 1606: "with a rounde velvet dish on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte."

Lewd=vile, mean. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 178.

67. *Knack.* Knick-knack, trifle. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. i. 34: "Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats," etc. See also *W. T.* pp. 199, 200. *Trick* has here the same meaning as *knack* and *toy*.

75. *Endur'd me say.* For the ellipsis of *to*, see on iii. 2. 186 above.

82. *Custard-coffin.* The raised crust of a custard or pie was called a *coffin*. See *T. A.* v. 2. 189:

"And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties," etc.

Cf. also B. J., *Staple of News*, ii. 1:

"if you spend
The red-deer pies in your house, or sell them forth,
Cast so, that I may have the coffins all
Return'd here, and pil'd up: I would be thought
To keep some kind of house;"

and *Gypsies Metamorphosed*: "coffin'd in crust." In his *Bartholomew Fair*, he has a comparison similar to the present: "for all her velvet custard on her head." Douce quotes an old MS. book of cookery: "and then cover the coffyn, but save a litell hole to blow into the coffyn, with thy mouth, a gode blast; and sodenly stoppe, that the wynde abyde withynne to ryse up the coffyn that it falle nott down."

87. *Masquing.* Fit only for a masquerade.

88. *Demi-cannon.* A kind of ordnance.

91. *Censer.* "These censers had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on" (Steevens).

96. *If you be remember'd.* If you recollect. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 131: "And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me," etc.

98. *Kennel.* Gutter; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 71: "kennel, puddle, sink."

102. *Quaint.* Fine, elegant. See on iii. 2. 141 above. We have it used of feminine dress again in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 22: "a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion."

Commendable. Accented on the first syllable, as elsewhere in S. except in *M. of V.* i. 1. 111. See *Ham.* p. 180.

103. *Belike.* See on ind. i. 74 above.

109. *With.* By. Gr. 193.

110. *Quantity*. Sometimes=a very small quantity. Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 23: "Retaining but a quantity of life;" and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 70: "If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow."

111. *Be-mete*. Measure.

112. *As thou*, etc. That you 'll remember your prating impudence as long as you live. For *as*=that, see Gr. 109.

123. *Braved many men*. That is, made them fine. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 279:

"Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago."

Cf. *bravery* in 57 above, and *brave* in ind. 1. 39.

131. *Loose-bodied*. Steevens conjectures that this should be "loose body's," as in the old play, which is closely followed here.

132. *Bottom*. A ball of thread. Nares quotes the play of *Sir Thomas More*:

"And lett this be thy maxime, to be greate
Is when the thred of hayday is once sponn,
A bottom greate woond up greatly undonn."

Cf. the verb (=wind) in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 53:

"Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me."

135. *Compassed*. Round, circular. Cf. *T. and C. i.* 2. 120: "the compassed window" (=bow-window).

137. *A trunk sleeve*. A large wide sleeve. Clarke cites Planché, *British Costumes* (an entry of the time of Henry VIII.): "a pair of truncke sleeves of redde cloth of gold, *with cut workes*, having twelve pair of agletes [see on i. 2. 77 above] of gold."

147. *Bill*. Grumio intends a play on *bill*, which also meant a weapon. Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 4. 90; and see also *A. Y. L.* p. 143, note on *With bills on their necks*.

149. *God-a-mercy!* God have mercy! Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 58, etc. *No odds*=no chance. Cf. *W. T.* v. 1. 207: "The odds for high and low's alike;" and see our ed. p. 209.

166. *Even in these*, etc. This line is taken bodily from the old play. See the extract above.

170. *Peereth*. Looks out, comes to view. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 1: "When daffodils begin to peer," etc. It is transitive in *R. of L.* 472. *W.* is very severe upon the editors for "taking this for the verb to *peer*, in spite of the pitiful sense, or rather nonsense, which it gives." He adds: "Were the line 'So honour peereth *from* the meanest habit,' there would be some excuse for the reading; but the idea of 'honour peering *in* the meanest habit' is too absurd to merit a moment's attention." After reading this, we were somewhat surprised to find that in *W. T.* iv. 4. 3 *W.* has "Peering in April's front."

171. *What, is*, etc. The early eds. have "What is," which the Camb. editors follow. It is true that *what* is often used elliptically=for what? why? (Gr. 253); but here the form of the succeeding question favours the pointing in the text, which is due to Pope and is generally adopted.

174. *Contents*. Pleases. See *Ham.* p. 216.
 176. *Furniture*. Furnishing, dress. In *A. W.* ii. 3. 65, it means the trappings of a horse; and in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 226, the equipments of soldiers.
 181. *Long-lane*. There was a street of that name near Smithfield in London.

SCENE IV.—2. *But*. Unless. See on iii. 1. 60 above.

5. *The Pegasus*. Steevens says that the poet "has taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua;" but, as Clarke remarks, it was as likely to be used in Italy as in England. The line is given to "*Tra.*" in the early eds.; corrected by Theo.

7. *Longeth*. See on iv. 2. 45 above.

11. *Thoroughly*. Thoroughly. See *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Through-farcs*.

17. *Tull*. See on iv. 1. 9 above. *Hold thee*=take thou. See Gr. 212.

36. *Curious*. Scrupulous (Steevens and Schmidt). Cf. *A. and C.* iii.

2. 35; *Cymb.* i. 6. 191, etc.

45. *Pass*. Assure, convey; a legal term. Cf. iv. 2. 117 above.

48. *Know*. A suspicious word. The Coll. MS. has "hold," which may be right.

49. *Affied*. Affianced; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 80:

"For daring to affy a mighty lord
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king."

52. *Pitchers have ears*. The proverb is quoted again in *Rich.* III. ii.

4. 37. See our ed. p. 204.

54. *Happily*. Haply. See on i. 2. 54 above.

55. *As it like you*. If it please you. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 16: "this lodging likes me better," etc. Gr. 297.

56. *Lie*. Lodge, sojourn. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185, or *T. N.* p. 146.

57. *Pass*. Transact; perhaps suggested by the *pass* in 45 above.

59. *Scrivener*. One who writes contracts; used by S. only here.

62. *Biondello*. The early eds. have "Cambio." There is evidently some mistake; but, as the Camb. editors say, it seems better to change "Cambio" to "Biondello" in 62 than "*Bion.*" to "*Luc.*" in 67, as most editors do. "The supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and, moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have 'flown on the wings of love' to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master. The line 66 is as suitable to the faithful servant as to the master himself." It may be noted that *Biondello* fills out the measure in 62, while "Cambio" does not; on which account Pope reads "Go, Cambio."

70. *One mess*. A single dish, a plain dinner.

89. *Expect*. The reading of the 1st folio, changed in the 2d to "except;" but, as Clarke remarks, "the whole speech represents hurried talking, and *expect* here stands for 'believe that,' 'take for granted that.'"

90. *Cum privilegio*, etc. The words which were put on books where

an exclusive right had been granted for printing them ; with a reference, of course, to the exclusive rights which marriage confers.

100. *Appendix*. "Master Biondello is still using terms borrowed from 'book-printing,' and applies the term *appendix* figuratively to the wife whom Lucentio intends to add to his possessions" (Clarke).

101. *Contented*. Pleased. See on iv. 3. 174 above.

103. *Roundly*. Without circumlocution. See on i. 2. 57 above.

SCENE V.—2. *Goodly*. For the adverbial use, see on iv. 2. 34 above. Cf. the old play here :

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomach is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus alone*.

Duke. Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you direct me the way to *Athens*?

Ferando speaks to the olde man.

Faire louely maide younge and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Than pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistening *Hiasinthe*,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistening *Cerberus* in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweete *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.

Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke*.

Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,

And kindly too, why thus must we two live,
 One minde, one heart and one content for both,
 This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
 And giad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
 But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
 And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

8. *Or ere.* A reduplication, *or* being = before. See *Temp.* p. 112.

9. *Go on.* Changed by Rann (Capell's conjecture) to "Go one;" but it means "Go on to Long Lane end" (see iv. 3. 181 above), where the horses had been sent to await their coming.

25. *Against the bias.* The *bias* was the weight put on one side of the bowl to affect its direction. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 5: "my fortune runs against the bias." See also *Ham.* p. 200, note on *Assays of bias*.

26. *Company.* Pope inserted "some" before the word, and Steevens "what." The latter is favoured by the corresponding line in the old play (see extract above).

38. *Where.* The 1st folio has "whether;" corrected in 2d folio.

47. *Green.* With perhaps a play on the word in its sense of young, as Clarke suggests.

54. *Encounter.* Address, greeting.

57. *Whick.* For *whom*, as often. Gr. 265.

68. *Embrace with.* The only instance of the combination in S—and this is probably not his. The same may be said of *joyous* of just below.

76. *Jealous.* Suspicious; as in *R. and J.* v. 3. 33, *Lear*, v. 1. 56, etc.

78. *Have to my widow.* See on i. 1. 135 above.

79. *Untoward.* Refractory, perverse.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—5. *Master's.* The early eds. have "mistris;" corrected by Capell.

12. *Toward.* At hand. See on i. 1. 68 above.

13. *You were best.* It would be best for you. Gr. 230.

26. *Padua.* Some adopt Tyrwhitt's conjecture of "Pisa;" but, as the Camb. editors suggest, he means that he has been staying at Padua.

33. *Under my countenance.* That is, by "putting on my countenance" (see i. 1. 224 above).

35. *Good shipping.* A happy voyage, good luck.

37. *Crack-hemp.* That is, one who deserves hanging. The more common word was *crack-rope*, of which Coll. cites several contemporaneous instances. One of them is from *Damon and Pythias*, 1571: "Handsome-ly, thou crack-rope!" *Crack-halter* is also found.

56. *A copatain hat.* A high-crowned hat. *Copatain* has not been found elsewhere, but Gascoigne and others mention "high-copt hats," "felt hats, copple-tanked," "a coptantk hat," etc. which appear to be of similar origin and meaning.

57. *Husband.* Economist; one who is careful and frugal. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 142:

"Sure in that
I deem you an ill husband," etc.

In 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 12, it means husbandman, farmer.

61. *Ancient.* Old. See *W. T.* p. 189, and cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 166.

64. *'Cerns.* The later folios have "concerns," which *W.* adopts.

79. *Call forth an officer.* Here in the old play Sly interposes thus :

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.

Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,

To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary?*

Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,

They be run away.

Slie. Are they run away *Sim?* thats well,

Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

Slie drinks and then falls asleepe.

87. *Cony-catched.* Cheated, tricked. See on iv. 1. 37 above.

94. *Haled.* Dragged away by force. Cf. *Cor.* v. 4. 40 :

"The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,
And hale him up and down."

See also *Luke*, xii. 58, and *Acts*, viii. 3.

103. *Supposes.* "Suppositions" (Schmidt), or "appearances, assumed characters" (Clarke). Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi* (see p. 11 above) is entitled "The Supposes."

Eyne. The old plural of *eye*, often used for the sake of the rhyme ; as in *V. and A.* 633, *R. of L.* 643, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 242, ii. 2. 99, iii. 2. 138, v. 1. 178, *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 50, etc. In *R. of L.* 1229 it is not required by the rhyme. *Blear'd*=dimmed ; as in *Cor.* ii. 1. 221.

104. *Packing.* Plotting ; as in *Lear*, iii. 1. 26 : "in snuffs and packings of the dukes." See also *Much Ado*, p. 167, note on *Pack'd*.

111. *Bear my countenance.* Cf. i. 1. 224 above.

SCENE II.—2. *Done.* Rowe's correction of the "come" of the early eds. The Coll. MS. has "gone."

9. *Banquet.* Dessert. See *R. and J.* p. 162. There may be a play on *stomach*, as Mr. J. Crosby suggests : "something to *end our strife* with," as well as our feasting. Cf. iv. 1. 141 above.

16. *Fears.* The word meant to affright (see on i. 2. 206 above) as well as to be afraid of. The widow takes it here in the former sense.

21. *Roundly.* With a play on the word. See on i. 2. 57 above.

36. *That's my office.* The same quibble occurs in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 292-294.

37. *Ha' to thee!* Here's to thee !

40. *Head.* As Coll. remarks, nothing has been said about *head*, as the use of the word here seems to imply. He suggests "quick-headed" for *quick-witted* in 38.

41. *Horn.* Alluding to the "cuckold's horn" (*W. T.* i. 2. 269).

45. *Bitter.* The early eds. have "better;" corrected by Capell (the

conjecture of Theo.). Coll., V., Halliwell, and W. retain "better." Cf. iii. 2. 13 above, and *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 174.

52. *Slipp'd me.* Started me, as one *lets slip* a greyhound. Cf. *Cor. i.* 6. 39:

"Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will."

The *leash* or noose in which the hound was held was also called the *slip*; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 31:

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start."

54. *Swift.* Quick, prompt; with a play on the word.

56. *At a bay.* At bay; the hunter's term when a deer is driven to extremity and turns to face its pursuers. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 52:

"If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not, rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay."

58. *Gird.* Gibe, sarcasm; literally, a cut with a switch or whip. For the verb, see *2 Hen. IV.* p. 153.

63. *In good sadness.* In all seriousness. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 230: "In good sadness, I do not know." See also *R. and J.* p. 144.

65. *For assurance.* To "make assurance doubly sure" (*Macb.* iv. 1. 83), to settle the question.

Compare the old play here:

Ferran. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

Aurel. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husbands call.

Pol. Nay then *Ferrando* he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

Ferran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,

It may be *Kate* will come as soon as yours

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Pol. I take it. Ile lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

Aurel. How now *Ferrando* you dare not lay belike.

Ferran. Why true I dare not lay indeede;

But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much

Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,

But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,

And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,

Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,

Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue: and I will lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonso.*

Alfon. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.

Aurel. Faith father a waighy cause about our wiuces
Five hundred markes already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioice the wager to himselfe.

Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.

Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.

Feran. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose.

Aurel. Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*
Go bid your Mistris come to me.

Val. I will my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.

Would any lay ten hundred more with me,

I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter *Valeria* againe.

Now sirra what saies your mistris?

Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come.

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an answer.
She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.

Feran. Well well: *Polidor* send you for your wife.

Pol. Agreed: *Boy* desire your mistris to come hither

Boy. I will sir.

Ex Boy.

Feran. I so so he desiers her to come.

Alfon. *Polidor* I dare presume for thee,

I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,

And I do maruell much *Aurelius*,

That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistris?

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.

Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She will not come: but he must come to her.

Pol. Well sir I pray you lets here what
Answer your wife will make.

Feran. Sirra command your Mistris to come
To me presentlie.

Exit Sander.

Aurel. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife she will not come.

Feran. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

But I haue won for see where *Kate* doth come.

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

Feran. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head.

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

Feran. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,
Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.
She takes of her cap and treads on it.

Pol. Oh wonderfull metamorphosis.

Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.

Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee!

Kate. I will.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her, and
makes them come vnto their husbands call.

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.

Feran. Tis well don *Kate*.

Eme. I sure and like a louing peece your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast

Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Feran. Now lovely *Kate* before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pomperd wills

Now list to me and marke what I shall say
The'ternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
For all the course of yeares, of ages. moneths,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
The first world was a forme without a forme,
A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world
The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
And made all things to stand in perfit course,
Then to his image he did make a man.
Olde *Adam* and from his side asleepe,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sin was *Adam* doomed to die,
As *Sara* to her husband so should we
Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
If that by that we, might procure there ease,
And for a president Ile first begin
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.

She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.

Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alfon. I *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter.
For she is not the same she was before.

Feran. Thanks sweet father, gentlemen godnight
For *Kate* and I will leaue you for to night,
Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farwell for we will to our beds.

Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to see
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

Exit Aurelius and Phylema and Alfonso and Valeria.

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.

Exit Polidor and Emelia.

Then follows the passage quoted in the note on 189 below.

72. *Of.* "On" (Rowe's reading). See on iv. 1. 59 above.

74. *A match!* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 34: "A match!" (as here, agreeing to a wager).

98. *And there an end.* And that's the end of it, there's no more to be said. See *R.* and *J.* p. 191, or *Much Ado*, p. 130 (note on *There's an end*).

99. *By my holidame.* Probably equivalent to "by my halidom;" that is, by my holiness or sanctity, upon my sacred oath. Some take it to be = "by my holy dame," or by the Virgin. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 198. "By my halidom" occurs in *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 136.

104. *Swinge.* Lash, whip. See *K. John*, p. 146.

109. *Awful.* Inspiring awe or respect. Clarke explains it as "lawful, legitimately authorized."

111. *Fair befall thee!* Good fortune be thine! Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 282: "Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!" See also *Rich. II.* p. 174, note on *Whom fair befall*.

115. *As.* As if. See on i. 2. 152 above.

118. *New-built.* Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 59: "Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends."

The repetition of *obedience* is suspicious. The Camb. editors conjecture "and her gentleness" or "and her patience."

129. *The more fool you,* etc. Clarke remarks: "This speech of a bride, a wife of a few hours' old, puts the climax to the delineation of Bianca's character. S. has drawn her perfectly; as one of those girls superficially thought to be so 'amiable,' but, when thoroughly known, found to be so self-opinionated, sly, and worthless."

Laying on. Laying a wager on. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 85:

"Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women," etc.

See also *T. A.* p. 154, note on *On't*.

136. *Unkind.* Accented on the first syllable, as usual *before* a noun,

(Schmidt). Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 73: "To such a lowness but his unkind daughters;" *Oth.* iv. 1. 238: "An unkind breach; but you shall make all well," etc.

139. *Do bite.* The later folios omit *do*.

142. *Mov'd.* Vexed, angry. Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 260: "Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods," etc. Cf. *R.* and *J.* p. 142.

145. *Will deign.* As (or *who*) will deign (*Gr.* 281).

161. *Simple.* Silly, foolish.

162. *To offer.* As to offer. See on iii. 1. 10 above.

166. *Unapt.* Unfit; as in *R.* of *L.* 695:

"the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight."

167. *Soft conditions.* "Gentle qualities" (Malone). Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 68: "his ill conditions," etc.

169. *Unable.* Weak; as in *1 Hen. VI.* iv. 5. 4: "sapless age and weak unable limbs," etc.

172. *To bandy word for word.* Cf. *3 Hen. VI.* i. 4. 49: "I will not bandy with thee word for word." See also *Lear*, p. 185, note on *Bandy*.

174. *Compare.* For the noun, cf. *R.* and *J.* p. 178.

176. *Vail your stomachs.* "Abate your pride, your spirit" (Steevens). Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* i. 1. 129: "The bloody Douglas . . . Gan vail his stomach," etc. *Vail* is literally = lower, let fall. Cf. *V.* and *A.* 314: "He vails his tail;" *Id.* 956: "She vail'd her eyelids," etc. See also *M.* of *V.* p. 128. For *stomach*, see *Temp.* p. 115.

It is no boot=it is of no avail; as in *1 Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 52. See also *Rich. II.* p. 154, note on *There is no boot*.

Pope put lines 176-189 in the margin as spurious.

182. *Toward.* Docile; the opposite of *froward*. Cf. *V.* and *A.* 1157: "Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward."

185. *You are sped.* You are "done for," your fate is settled; that is, you have both got unruly wives. Cf. *M.* of *V.* ii. 9. 72: "So be gone; you are sped;" and *R.* and *J.* iii. 1. 94: "I am sped."

186. *Hit the white.* Hit the white centre of the target; alluding to the name *Bianca*=white (Johnson).

188. *Shrew.* Probably to be pronounced, as it was sometimes written, *shrow*; and so also in iv. 1. 193 above, and in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 46. W. compares *strew*, *sew*, and *shew* (*show*). Here the folio has "shrow;" but in iv. 1. 193, 194 "shrew" and "shew."

189. *Exeunt.* In the old play *Sly* is disposed of at the close as follows:

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparell againe and leaues him
Where they found him, and then goes out.
Then enter the *Tapster*.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrysell sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
He wake him, I think he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stoff with ale,
What how *Slie*, Awake for shame.

Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the
 Plaiers goo: am not I a Lord?
Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou drunken still?
Slie. Whose this? *Tapster,* oh Lord sirra, I haue had
 The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
 Hardest in all thy life.
Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
 For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight
Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
 I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
 And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
 That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
 Wife presently and tame her too.
 And if she anger me.
Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
 And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—We give below the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis," in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspeare's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 168), with some explanatory extracts from the preceding pages appended as foot-notes:

"In this Play we have six days represented on the stage; or if Acts I. and II. should be considered as one day, then five days only, with intervals, the length of which it is not easy to determine, but the entire period cannot exceed a fortnight.

"Day 1. Act I.

" 2. Act II.*

Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.

" 3. Act III. sc. i. Saturday, eve of the wedding.

" 4. Act III. sc. ii., Act IV. sc. i. Sunday, the wedding-day.†

Interval [?]

" 5. Act IV. sc. ii.‡

Interval [?]

* "It is the *dinner* and the *afternoon* referred to at the end of Act I. sc. ii. which have induced me to mark Act II. as the second day of the action; otherwise there is nothing to prevent Acts I. and II. being considered as one day only; indeed, Petruchio's resolve to see Katherine *before he sleeps* is in favour of one day, and would be conclusive but for the *afternoon's* carouse proposed by Tranio."

† "Act IV. sc. i. ends the wedding-day at night at Petruchio's country-house. After balking Katherine of her wedding dinner, and now of her supper, he conducts her to her chamber, and then returns to the stage to inform the audience that

'Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.'

How did he know that she did not sleep *last* night? This is the first night of their wedding. They cannot have spent a night on the road, for the distance from Padua is no more than may be traversed between dinner and supper-time. See Act IV. sc. iii."

‡ "It is not easy to fix the exact date of this scene. I have marked it as a separate day, and it may be the morrow of Katherine's marriage, or it may be two or three days after that event, or it *might* even be supposed to occur on the afternoon of the day of Kath-

Day 6. Act IV. sc. iii.* iv. and v., and Act V. [? The second Sunday.]

"Time, however, in this Play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old Play of the *Taming of a Shrew* the whole story is knit up in the course of two days. In the first, Ferando=Petruchio, woos Kate and fixes his marriage for next Sunday; 'next Sunday' then becomes to-morrow, to-morrow becomes to-day, and to-day ends with the wedding-night in Ferando's country-house. All the rest of the Play is included in the second day."

SHAKESPEARE'S SHARE IN THE PLAY.—Mr. Fleay (*Shaks. Manual*, p. 185) assigns to Shakespeare only the following portions of the play: ii. 1. 166-318; iii. 2 (except 121-142); iv. 1; iv. 3; iv. 5; v. 2. 1-175; or 1064 lines in all out of the 2671 lines in the "Globe" edition.

Mr. Furnivall (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* 1874, p. 104 fol.) adds the Induction, which seems to us very clearly Shakespeare's. "The bits about the hounds, the Warwickshire places, Sly's talk, the music, pictures, etc., are Shakespeare to the life."† In ii. 1. Mr. F. thinks that the poet re-touched lines 113-166. In iii. 2. he adds 143-233.‡ For the rest he agrees with Mr. Fleay, but assuming for the poet "occasional touches elsewhere." He adds that "all this, as will be seen, only gives figures to Mr. Grant White's outlines" (see p. 11 above).

erine's wedding: though in this last case we must put it back in time to precede sc. i. of this Act, which would scarcely be a desirable arrangement."

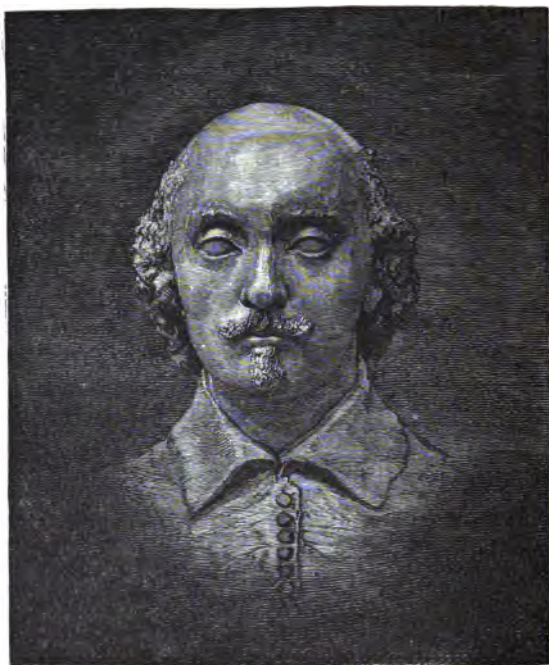
* "Act IV. sc. iii. Petruchio's house. Katherine is well-nigh famished, and Gremio torments her with offers of food. Petruchio brings in her meat, which, on submission, she is allowed to eat. Note that Hortensio is now on a visit to them; he has—as Tranio in Act IV. sc. ii. said he would—come to the "taming-school." Observe, too, that this and all the remaining scenes of the play are included in one day, and that this day must be—if any regard is to be paid to Baptista's programme—the Sunday following Katherine's wedding-day. She can't have been a whole week without food, and yet somehow we get an impression that this is the first meat she has tasted in Petruchio's house.

† "The tailor and the haberdasher bring the wares which have been ordered by Gremio. This incident supposes the lapse of some days since the marriage-day. Petruchio now determines to return to Baptista's house. The scene closes [see line 185] at 2 P.M."

‡ Dr. Abbott (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* 1874, p. 120) thinks that "at least some parts of the Induction were written by S." He compares ind. 2. 38 fol. ("Say thou wilt walk," etc.) with ii. 1. 166 fol. ("Say that she rail," etc.), which Mr. Fleay concedes to S.

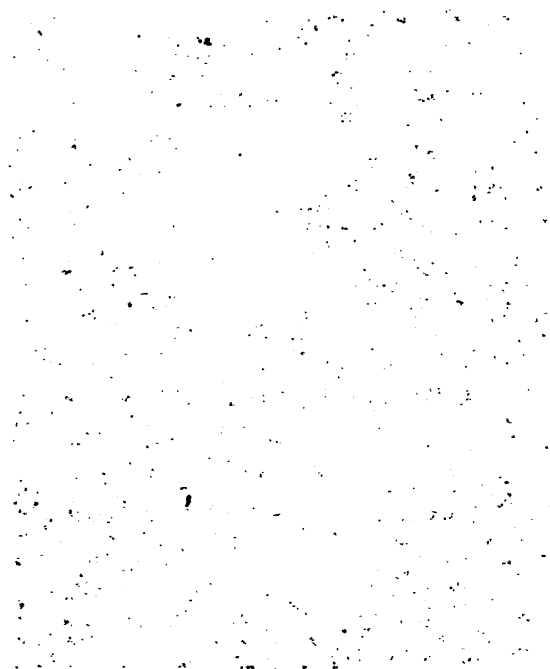
§ He was at first in doubt about the catalogue of the horse's ailments, but yielded to Mr. Tennyson's judgment that "it has such a rollicking Rabelaisian comic swing about it" that it is probably Shakespeare's.





BUST OF SHAKESPEARE, BY W. R. O'DONOVAN.





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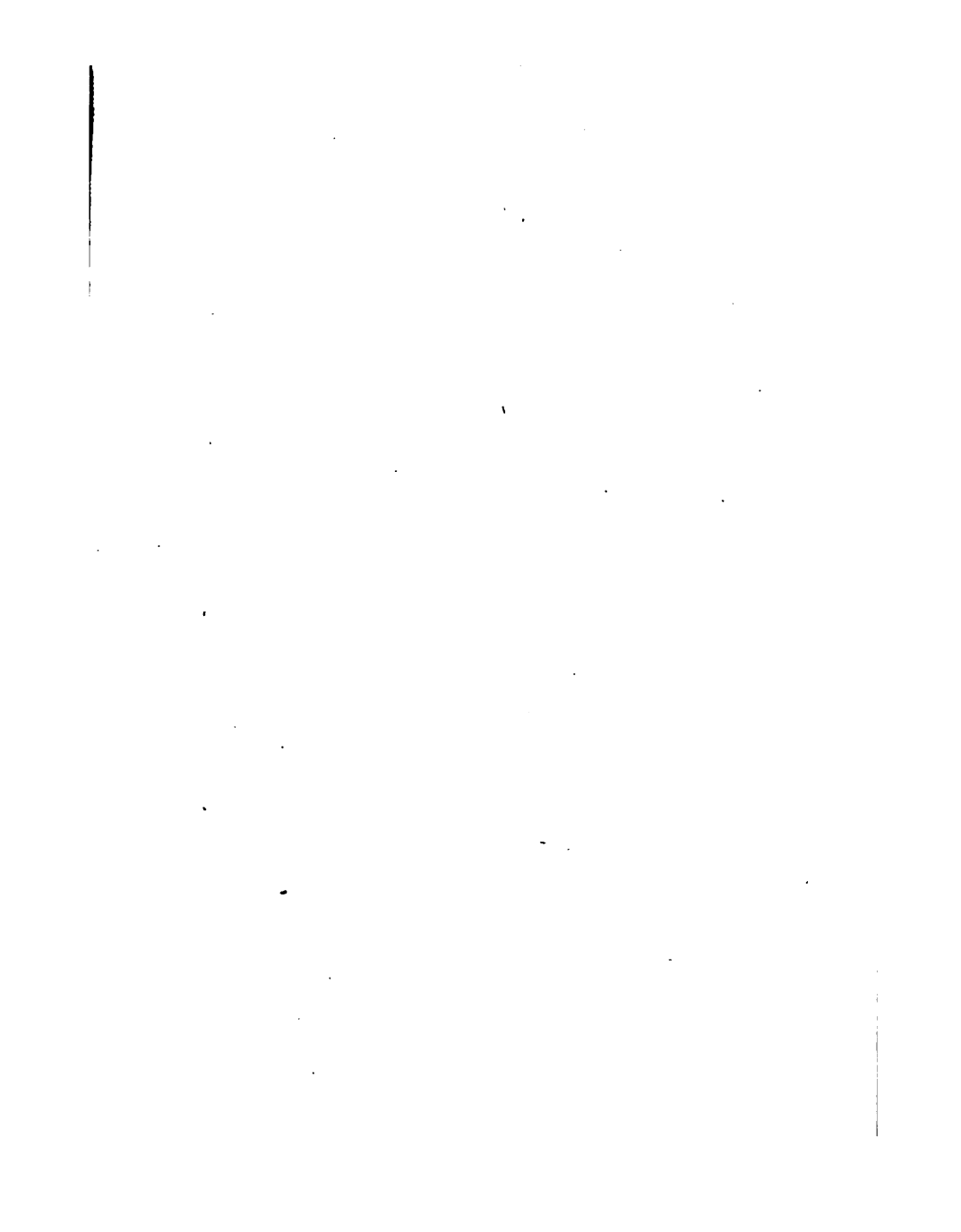
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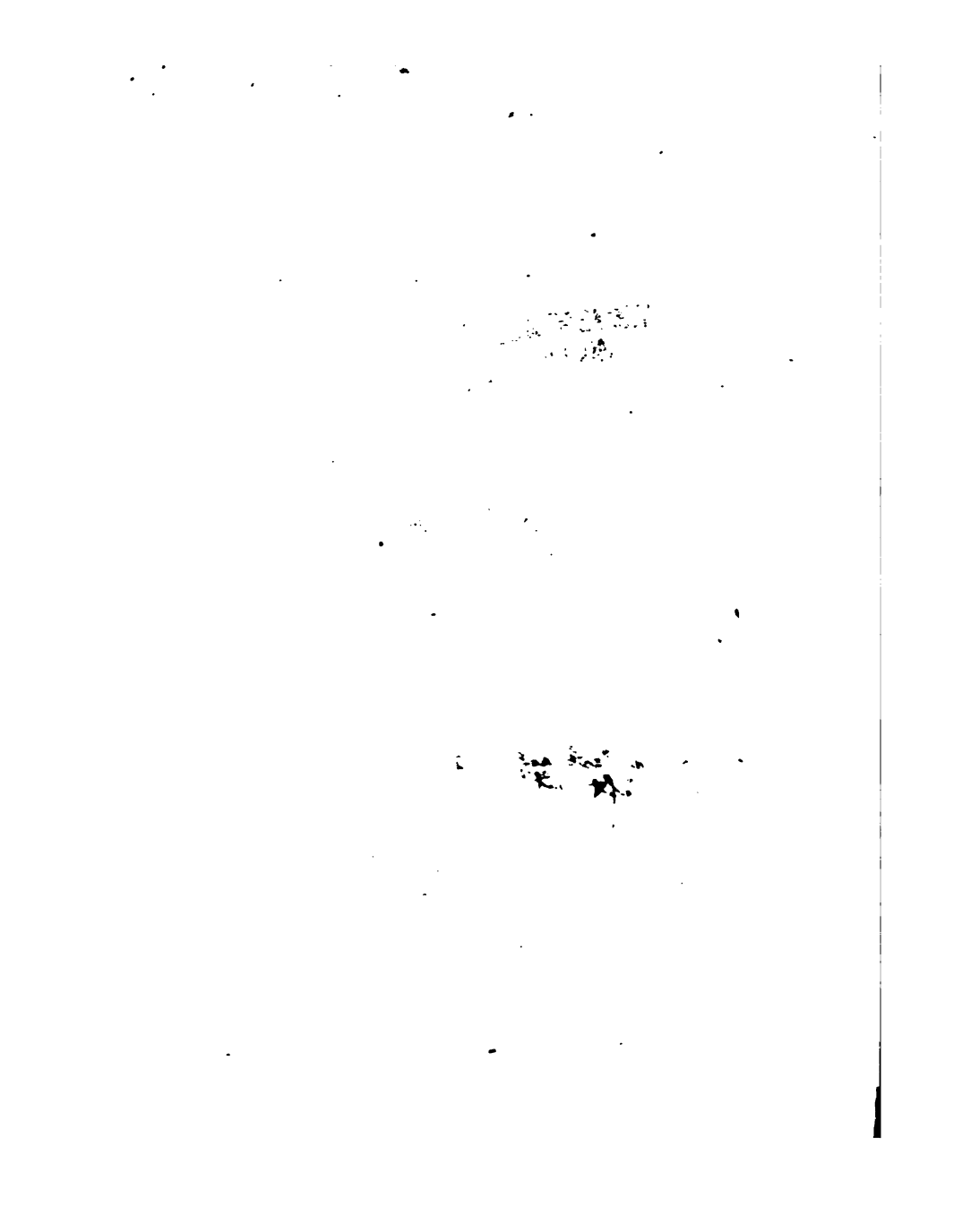
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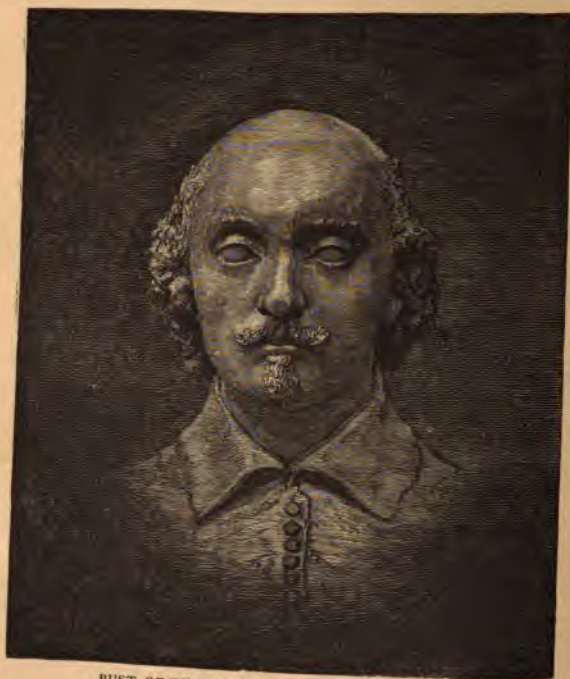
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